

# Newport Mercury.

*The Mercury.*

The Christmas festival of the church of the Holy Cross and St. Mary's will be held at Holy Cross Guild House Tuesday afternoon, December 23th.

Mr. Arthur Brigham, Jr., has built a power house near the Wyatt Mill for the purpose of grinding corn on the for cattle feed.

# THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XXV.  
Out there the moon was setting. Soon, thank God, it would be dark everywhere. The man who loved needed all the chance that the quickening gloom could give him. It was terribly quiet now, except for an occasional whippoorwill call and the quivering of the leaves upon the hillside seemed to lie upon her with the oppression of something unspeakably terrifying. The breath of hills and sky was hushed.



Once More He Stood Listening.

At last there came to her ears the sound of heavy feet crashing through the brush, but he had been gone ten minutes then. Perhaps they had just awakened to his escape and were casting aside stealth for the fury of open pursuit. She even thought she heard an oath once, and then it was all quiet again; quiet for a while, and at the

end of the silence, like the punctuation of an exclamation-mark, came the faraway snap of a rifle.

She had dropped to a chair and sat there tensely, leaning forward, her lips parted and her ears straining. Had she heard one shot and its echo, or had there been several? Her imagination and fears were playing her tricks now, and she could hardly be certain of her senses.

The passage of time was a thing of which she had lost count. Each moment was a century.

Then, with a violent start, she sat up. Now she knew she heard a sound—there could be no doubt this time. It came from out beyond the front door, and she bent forward, listening.

It was a strange sort of sound which she could not make out, but in a subtle way it was more terrifying than the clatter of rifles. It was as if some heavy, soft thing were being dragged up the steps and rolling back.

She rose and took a step toward the door, but halted in doubt. The sound died and then came again, always with halting intervals of silence between, as though whoever were dragging the burden had to pause on each step to rest. Then there was a scuffling as of boot-leather on the boards and a labored breath outside—a breath that seemed to be agonized.

She bent forward with one hand outstretched toward the latch, and heard a faint rapping. It was seemingly the rap of very feeble fingers, but that might all be part of a ruse. Was it friend or enemy out there, just beyond the thickness of the heavy panels? At all events, she must see.

She braced herself and threw the door open. A figure which had been leaning against it lurched forward, stumbled over the threshold and fell in a heap, half in and half out. It was the figure of Anse Haver.

How far he had slipped himself along, foot by foot, like a mortal wounded animal crawling home to die, she could not tell, but for one horrified instant she stood gazing down on him in stupefaction.

He had gone out a splendid vital creature of resilient strength and power. He had come back the torn and bleeding wreck of a man, literally shot to pieces, as a quail is shattered when it rises close to a quick-shooting gun.

In the next moment she was stooping with her arms around his body, striving to lift his weight and bring him in. She was strong beyond all seeming of her slenderness, but the man was heavy, and as she raised his head and shoulders a sound of bitterness and stifled agony escaped his white lips, and she knew that her efforts were torturing him.

It was an almost lifeless tongue that whispered, "I was skinned—that I wouldn't get here."

Then as she staggered under his inert bulk he tried to speak again. "Just help—drag me."

The few yards into the hall made a long and terrible journey, and how she ever got him in, half hanging to her, half crawling, stopping at every step, she never knew. Bill it was done at last, and she was kneeling on the floor with his head on her breast.

No wonder they had left him for dead and gone away content. He looked up and a faint smile came to his almost unrecognizable face. The blood which had already dried and

had crawled was being fed by a fresh outpouring, and, as she held him close to her, her own bosom and arms were red too, as red as the flower plumed in her hair.

She must staunch his wounds and pour whisky down his throat before the flickering wisp of life-flame burned out.

"Wait, dearest," she said in a broken voice. "I must get things you need."

"It ain't"—he paused a moment for the breath which came very hard—"scarcely—worth while—I'm done."

But she flew to the cupboard where there was brandy. She tore linen from her petticoat and brought water from the drinking bucket that stood with its gourd dipper on the porch.

But when she pressed the flask to his lips he closed them and shook his head a little.

"I ain't never touched a drop in my life," he said, "an' I reckon—I might's well—finish out—I won't be long. It's too late to begin now."

For a while he lay gasping, then spoke again, weakly:

"Just kiss me—dearest—that's what I come for."

After a pause he spoke again.

"There's one thing—I've got to ask you: Why did ye swear—ye didn't care for me—in court?"

Her head came up and she answered steadily:

"Dearest, I'd never asked myself that question until the lawyer asked it. I didn't know the answer myself, but I did love you, I meant to tell you first; it was our business, not his; I was there to help you, and it wouldn't have helped you to tell them that I was fighting for my own heart. And, besides, I didn't know then, quite."

She went on bathing and staunching his wounds as best she could, but a spirit of despair settled on her. There were so many of them, and they were so deep and ragged!

"I didn't—come for help," he told her, and through the grime and blood flashed a ghost of his rare and boyish smile. "I'm past mending now. I came because—I'm dyin'—an' I wanted to do in your arms!"

"You shan't die," she breathed fiercely between her teeth. "My arms shall always be around you."

But he shook his head and his figure sagged a little against her knees.

"I know—when I'm done," he said slowly. "It's all right now—I've done got here. That's enough—I loves ya."

For a time she wondered whether he had lost consciousness, and she laid him down slowly and brought cushions with which to soften his position. It was almost daybreak now.

She sat there beside him, and as her heart beat close to him he seemed to draw from it some of its abundant vitality, for he revived a little, and though his eyes were closed and she had to bend down to catch his words, his voice grew somewhat stronger.

"I ain't never felt lonesome—before. But out there—dyin' by myself—the last of my family—I had to come. Dyin' ain't like livin'—I couldn't do without ya."

"You aren't dyin'," she argued desperately. "You shan't die."

"Yes," he said, "I'm dyin'—an' now the sooner—the better—I reckon."

She bent lower and held him very gently, close to her heart. "You are suffering horribly, dearest," she murmured.

"It ain't that—" His breath came with great difficulty. "They'll come back here. They'll get me yet—an' I'd rather die first."

She laid his head very gently on the pillows and rose to her feet. In the instant she stood transfixed. Deep in her violet eyes shined such a blue fire as that which burns at the heart of a star.

test heart of a flame. Around her lips came the grim set of fight and blood-lust.

The crushed flower on her bosom rose and fell under a violent tempest of passion. The skirt of her evening gown had been torn in her effort to carry him. Somehow one silk stocking was snagged above her elbow. His blood reddened her white arms and bosom. She drew a deep breath and clenched her hands. The discipline of peace was gone, and there stood there in its stead the hot-breathed incarnation of some valiant hero hovering over the din of battle and trying to the fight.

Yet her voice was colder and sterner than he had ever heard it. She pointed to the door.

"Get you!" she exclaimed scornfully. "No man but a Haver crosses that threshold while I live. I'm a Haver now and we live or die together. Get you!" Her voice broke with a wild laugh. "Let them come!"

No bitterly bred daughter of the hills was ever so completely the mortal woman as this transformed and reborn girl of the cultured East. She moved about the place with a steady, indomitable energy. With strength borrowed of the need, she raised the great oaken table and barricaded the door, laughing as she heard the clatter of pedagogic volumes on the floor. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" fell at her feet, and she kicked it viciously to one side.

She went and stood before her rack of guns, and her lips curled as she caught up a heavy-calibered repeater with all the fierce desire of a grunts for his drink. She stood there loading rifles and setting them in an orderly line against the wall. She deviated her aim of peace with the unsteady joy of a barbarian seeking a temple.

Then she turned and saw in the man's eyes a wild glow of admiration that burned above his fever, and she said to him once more, "Now let 'em come!"

He shook his head, but strangely enough her love and awakened ferocity had strengthened and quickened him like brandy, and he pleaded: "Drag me over where I can get just one shot."

Then Juanita blew out the lamp and stood silent in the hush that comes before dawn. She did not have to wait long, for soon she heard hoofbeats in the road, and they stopped just at the turn.

"Hello, stranger!" she shouted, and it took all her strength to command her voice. "Halt where you are!"

There was an instant's silence in the first misty gray that was bringing the veiled sunrise.

A stifled murmur of voices came from the road, and she caught the words, "He's in there all right."

A moment later someone called out suddenly from the shadows:

"We gives you three minutes for leave this house. We're a-comin' in, an' we'd rather not for harm ya. Off out quick."

"Ye can't save me, dearest. It's too late. For God's sake, go out," pleaded Anse Haver tensely.

Her answer was to cry out into the dawn in a voice that could not be understood. "Anse Haver!" In her, Come and get him, and for added emphasis she crouched behind the overturned table and fired a random shot out toward the voices that had offered her amnesty.

From the earlier happenings of the evening the men out there knew that the school property was empty save for the man and the girl, and they knew that the man was terribly wounded.

Their peering eyes, in the dim gray, could just make out an empty door. Back of it was one woman, and they were five men. Ordinarily they would have moved slowly, coming up from several sides, but now every minute was worth an hour at another time. It behooved them, when full daylight came, to be well away from sure vengeance. The obvious demand of the exigency was to rush the place.

Killing women was, even to them, distasteful, but they had offered her immunity, and she had declined.

At a whispered word they started forward.

They had only fifty yards of clearing to cross, and the girl, crouching behind the overturned table, did not know how strong their numbers were. She knew only that through every artery ran a white fire of passion and a longing to avenge. She meant to make her shrine of disarmament a crater of death under whose lava no human life could endure. She remembered the caution of a man with whom she had once shot quail: "Take your time when they rise and pick out your birds." Now Juanita Holland meant to pick her birds.

She saw figures climbing the fence in shadow, almost imperceptible shapes, and as the first dropped inside and started on at a crouching trot she aimed quickly but steadily and fired.

A little cry of surprise and savage joy sprang from her lips as she saw the man plunge forward in the half light and lie there rolling on the ground.

But at that warning the others leaped down and came on at a run. The tempo quickened and became confusing. They were firing as they ran and their answering bullets pelted against her barrier and over her head on the walls. She heard window panes shivering and glass falling, and yet her elation grew—two more advancing figures had crumpled into inert masses. Unless there were reinforcements she would stem their oncoming tide. Even a mountain marksman cannot target his shots well while he is running and under fire. It takes a championship sprinting to do fifty

yards in five seconds—on the smoothness of a cinder path.

Uphill in a constant spilt of fire and lead it requires a little longer.

There were only two left now, and one of them suddenly veered and made for the corner of a hickory trunk, off to one side—he was in full flight.

But the other came on, throwing the rifle away and shifting his heavy magazine pistol to his right hand.

It was easy now, thought the girl—she could take her time and be very sure.

Yet she shot and missed, and the man came on with the confidence of one who wears a talisman and fears no harm. Now he was almost at the steps and his pistol was backing viciously—then suddenly something in the mechanism of Juanita's rifle jammed and it lay useless and dead in her hands. She struggled with it frantically jerking the lever, but before she had conquered its balky obstinacy she saw the oncoming figure leap up the steps at one stride and thrust his weapon forward over the

table. She even caught the glitter of his teeth as a snarling smile parted his lips.

Then a rifle spoke behind her—a rifle in the hands of the man who had dragged himself to the firing line, and with his foot on the threshold Jim Fletcher reeled backward and rolled lumberingly down the steps to the ground.

"You got him!" she screamed. "You got him, Anse!"

It had been perhaps five minutes since she had called out to the men in the road, but it seemed to her that she had sustained a long siege. She saw the man who had fled crossing the fence and disappearing. Then very slowly she rose and turned to the room again.

Anse Haver was lying on his face and the gun with which he had killed Jim Fletcher lay by his side, but his posture was so rigid and his limbs so motionless that the girl caught at her breast and reeled backward. She would have fallen had she not been supported by the table. Had the fight been lost, after all?

Blow, and in a case of reaction and fright, she moved forward and



There's One Thing I've Got to Ask You. Why Did You Swear You Didn't Care for Me in Court?

turned his body over and laid her ear to his heart.

It was still beating. The rifle had only jolted his weak and pain-racked body into unconsciousness, and as he held his head to her breast her eyes went about the room, where the pallid light was stealing now, and by the mantle she saw hanging the horn that Jerry Emerson had given her.

Why had she not thought of that before! she asked herself accusingly. Why had she not sent its call for help out across the hills long ago? Then there came back to her mind the words of the mountain man when he had brought it over and had initiated the Haver battle-cry.

"Don't never blow that unless you wants ter start hell. When them calls goes out across the mountains every Haver that kin tote a gun's got ter git up an' come."

If ever there had been a time when every Haver should come it was this time. She laid Anse's head once more on the cushions and went to the mantle. Then, standing in the door, she drew a long breath.

She set the horn to her lips and blew. Out across the melting vagueness of the dim world floated the three long blasts and the three short ones. She waited a little while and blew again. That signal could not reach Anse Haver's own house, because the ridge would send it echoing back in a shattered wave of sound. It would be better heard to the east, and after a time there came back to her waiting ears, very low and distant, yet very clear, an answer.

It came from the house of Milt McBriar, and Juanita's heart, torn and anxious as it was, leaped, for she knew that for the first time in the memory of man the Haver call to arms had been heard and was being answered by a chief of the McBriars, and that as fast as horses could carry them he and his men would bring succor.

An hour later, when the mountain slopes were unveiling in miracles of hued and tender color, young Milt McBriar and his escort flung themselves from their steaming mounts.

The girl was weeping incoherently over an insensible figure and crowding to it as a mother sings to quiet a weeping child, and on the floor at her side lay a piece of paper reddened and spotted with blood—a marriage license.

"Milt," she cried out, "got Brother Anse; get him quick!" and she waved the piece of smeared paper in the boy's face.

Kneeling with her on the floor, Milt took the license from her hand, and when he saw what it was he shook his head.

"I'm afraid," he told her gravely, "I'm afraid it's too late. He ain't hardly alive."

"Get Brother Anse," she insisted wildly. "Get him quick. I'm going to be his wife." Her voice broke into a deep sob as she added: "If I can't be anything else, I'm going to be the Widow Haver."

And when Brother Anse came he found Anse still alive, smiling faintly up into the face of the woman who sat with his head in her lap.

"I'm sorry," said the missionary simply, "but ye hain't got a preacher that kin marry ye with due ceremonies, but I reckon I hain't never been gladder ter do nothin' in my life—et only be kin git well."

"Brother Anse," Juanita Haver told him, as she put a hand on each rough shoulder, "I had rather it should be you than the archbishop of Canterbury."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

People in the mountains still talk of how, while Anse Haver lay on a white cot in the little hospital, young Milt McBriar set out toward Peril. He stopped for a moment at the house of Bad Anse Haver, and within twenty minutes the hills were being raked. Young Milt killed a horse getting to Peril. Then from Lexington came two surgeons as fast as a special train could bring them, and, thanks to a dogged life spark, they found Anse Haver still lingering on the margin.

When they removed him from the operating table back to his cot and he opened his eyes to consciousness, the sun was coming through the shaded window, but even before he knew that he saw her face bending over him and felt cool fingers on his forehead.

As his eyes opened her smile greeted him, and she brushed his lips with her own. Then, in a tone of command, she said: "You mustn't talk. The doctors say you may get well if you obey orders and fight hard. It's partly up to you, Anse."

Once more there hovered around the man's lips that occasional boyish smile.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "they'll have the bell of a time killin' me now!" Then he added in a tone of mere grimness: "Besides, there's a score or two to settle."

The girl shook her head and smiled. Her fingers rested carelessly on the dark hair that fell over his forehead.

"No, Anse," she told him. "I settled most of them myself."

Even the detachment of the murder squad that had played its part in the woods and started for Peril before the five turned back did not reach their destination, but scattered into the hillsides. When morning brought the news of their attempt they tried to make their escape across the mountains to Virginia.

But there was a grim and relentless system about the movement of two posers that set out to comb the timber. During to approach no house for food, the fugitives united and took up their stand in a stanch log cabin which had been deserted, and died there, grimly declining to surrender.

Of course the railroad came up Tribulation and crossed through the notch in the mountains at the gap, but the railroad came on terms quite different from those which Mr. Trevor and his ilk had planned.

One day there rode away from the college a gay little procession on its way to the McBriar domain. At its head rode young Milt, and on a pillion behind him, as mountain brides had always ridden to their own houses, sat Dawn McBriar. That was some years ago, and at the big log house there to a toddling, tow-headed young person now whose Christian name is Anse Haver, though his father insists he is to be ultimately known as "Bad Anse" McBriar.

One autumn day, when the air was as full of sparks as champagne, and the big sugar tree just outside the hospital window was flaming in an ecstasy of color, Miss Dawn Haver opened her eyes on the world and found it acceptable.

Job McNash was riding through the country that October seeking election to the legislature.

He drew his horse down by the fence.

"Anse," he said in his slow drawl, "it's a pity she's a girl now, hain't it?"

Anse shook his head. "I reckon," he said, "she's got more chance to be like her mother. Her mother made these hills better for being here, and besides—"

He looked cautiously about and dropped his voice, as if speaking of a forbidden subject, yet into it crept a note of pride. "Besides, young fellow, have you got any more notions on the stock of your gun than she has?"

## THE END.

Busy Intervals.

"The women at this resort seem to pass the beach all day and dance all night."

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"It requires considerable time to dress for either performance and during that time, I venture to say, they are not visible."

Homing Instinct of Crabs.

Who would believe that among creatures having well developed domestic instincts we must include the humble crab, the "spiders of the sea," as Victor Hugo calls them? Once under water, we might expect one part of the sea to be as homelike as another, but that only shows how little the average human being understands a crab's point of view. Some one, however, suspected them of the homing instinct and so tried the experiment of catching a pair of them on the Yorkshire coast, in England, and, after marking them, carrying them south fifty miles or more, returning first one and then the other to the water at different points on the shore. Then the Yorkshire crabs carefully searched their traps as they made each haul, on the lookout for the possible return of the wanderers. Strange to relate, one day not one, but both of the crabs were caught a second time, having made their way back across the intervening miles of sea bottom to their Yorkshire home.—St. Nicholas.

Waterpouts.

The waterpout at sea and the tornado on land are manifestations of great instability of the atmosphere in a vertical direction, caused either by an abnormally warm surface layer of air or an abnormally cold layer at the cloud level, says Nature. The former cause is common in summer; the latter occurs both in summer and winter and is usually associated with a "line squall" or a V shaped barometric depression. The waterpout shows the track along which surface air passes spirally upward to restore equilibrium. The composition of the sea is due to the exceedingly violent character of the phenomenon. The funnel itself is probably composed partly of moisture condensed out of air by the sudden diminution of pressure which occurs and partly of sea water in the form of spray. Sometimes the middle portion of the visible funnel is absent, but there must in that case be a corresponding complete funnel of rotating air from the surface of the cloud.

Melancholia.

Melancholia does not mean depression of spirits. A man may be as depressed as it is possible to be and still not have melancholia. Melancholia is dependency on account of painful delusions. One of the two typical delusions of melancholia is that the unpardonable sin has been committed, that God has been offended beyond redemption and that hell is to be the ultimate goal; the other is that of impending poverty. Everything is lost or is about to be. The patient and his family are going to end up in the poorhouse. His acts alone have brought about this terrible calamity from which there is no escape. It can be readily seen that a person having delusions of this type must be necessarily depressed. There is probably no form of insanity in which the anguish of the patient equals that of the melancholic. Life is out continuous horror.—Exchange.

Alaska.

Alaska has an area of 600,000 square miles, one-fifth the size of the United States, which means that it will make fourteen New Yorks and nearly 500 Rhode Islands.

Tempering Steel.

It is significant that in the matter of tempering steel we are no further advanced than our ancestors of some 4000 years ago.

Notable Exceptions.

Mrs. Bloomingdale, everybody is always ready to give advice. Bloomingdale. There are exceptions. "Are there?" "Yes, doctors and lawyers."

Let them play that know not how to rule.—Shakespeare.

He Didn't Sprout Horns.

The first Japanese to drink milk did so with misgivings lest he sprout horns like a cow. That was in 1801. The man that took that big chance is Mr. Yubol, who is still alive and absolutely free from horns.

At that time Mr. Yubol was an apprentice. He became ill of a disease that baffled the skill of the Japanese physicians, so his master called in Dr. Hepburn, an American physician, who then lived in that district. Dr. Hepburn prescribed milk, one bottle to be "taken" every morning. The poor boy, believing that the growth of horns was inevitable if one drank cow's milk, begged his master not to make him take the doctor's prescription, but his frantic pleas were denied.

There was considerable difficulty about getting milk then because, as there was no demand for milk—the greater part of the population sharing the boy's belief that its consumption was sure to raise horns—there was no dairy or milkmen. Finally some was obtained from a Japanese who cared for a cow kept by a foreigner.—Japan Advertiser.

The Horned Lark.

Looks like Satan, the horned lark does, with his two black horns of feathers sticking out on top of his head. He wears a suit of a grayish brown touched with pink. A black curve over his eyes and another black crescent under his chin help give him a wicked aspect. His attitude looked, the two tiny tufts of black feathers on the back of his head, gives him the name. He's the horned lark.

But really he's not so bad as he looks. You know that the minute you see his brown eyes and hear him sing. The farmer knows he isn't such a wicked bird too. The horned lark eats all kinds of wild seeds, beetles, weevils and bugs. If he gets tired of his diet he will start in and clean up the grasshopper and cutworm crop.

Sometimes he will visit an oat field, but he doesn't cause enough damage to get his picture in the rogues' gallery as a dangerous thief.—Philadelphia North American.

Nursing a Grouch.

What a disheartening bunch of mortals we meet. Three hundred and sixty-five days of the year we grumble about the weather. It's either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. You meet a friend who says, "It's a fine day today!" You answer, "Delightful!" The next one you meet says, "Ain't this heavenly weather?" You answer, "The foulest over!" You're always ready to agree with and join the groucher. Even the poor, innocent weather cannot escape your hummer. Everything in this world was made wrong—except yourself, I mean. You are the quintessence of perfection in your own mind. When you're invited to a party you are not because you are invited, and if you are ignored you're mad again just because that condition fits your disposition. Why don't you, for a change, look at the bright side of things and maybe your "disposition" will improve.—Caricatures Magazine.

Some Kinds of Talking Women.

The woman who tells you all about something in such a way as to leave you in complete ignorance of the essential things which you wanted to know about.

The woman who flatters you about yourself as a screen to give herself the opportunity to talk about herself.

The woman who is silent when she has nothing to say. "This woman talks incessantly."

The woman who asks you what you think about something and then sends you off from telling by keeping on talking herself.

The woman you marry.—Life.

Temperament in Folly.

The fool in his heart hath a number of things. Suppose he happens to be a phlegmatic fool with a fondness for luxury.

"I do not care," saith he, in that case, "to go out into the damp, chill woods and mistake a toadstool for a mushroom. I much prefer to get up in the night, in my comfortable flat, and drink out of the wrong bottle."—Boston Journal.

Good Prospects.

"What, you want to marry my daughter? Why, you haven't a cent in the world! How



## HAND IN HAND.

WHERE YOU FIND ONE, YOU'LL FIND THE OTHER.

Health and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy are born companions; they travel together hand in hand, and where you find one you'll find the other. The countless testimonials received by the doctor from sufferers who have been cured of the numerous diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Female Weaknesses, is a splendid proof of this fact.

Put some urine in a small glass and let it stand 24 hours. If it has a sediment, if it is pale or discolored, cloudy orropy, your kidneys and bladder are sick and there is no medicine in existence that has made such remarkable cures as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. If you are doubtful, it will only cost you the price of a postal card TO DISPEL THAT DOUBT.

It is a matter of absolute indifference to us how many physicians or specialists have prescribed for you without bringing you relief; write your full name and address on a postal card and send it to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, 1000 Broadway, N. Y., and you will receive absolutely free of charge, a bottle of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, of sufficient quantity to convince you of its rapid relieving powers, and that a continuation of its use will cure any disease of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY cures Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in Head, etc.

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N.Y.	Due	N.Y.	Due
Newport, New York, New York, Newport	(10.00) (10.00) (10.00) (10.00)	Newport, New York, New York, Newport	(10.00) (10.00) (10.00) (10.00)
7.00 a. m.	7.10 p. m.	7.00 a. m.	7.10 p. m.
1.10 p. m.	1.20 p. m.	1.10 p. m.	1.20 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	4.10 p. m.	4.00 p. m.	4.10 p. m.
7.00 p. m.	7.10 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	7.10 p. m.

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Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations will be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect September 20, 1915.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.55, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 7.10, 9.05 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 6.55, 7.55, 11.05 a. m., 3.05, 5.05, 9.05 p. m.

Middleboro and Portsmouth—6.55, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 9.05 p. m.

Trenton—6.55, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 9.05 p. m.

Middleboro—11.05 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Provincetown—11.05 a. m.

Plymouth—11.05 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.55, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 9.05 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.55, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.05, 9.05 p. m.

## A Japanese Breakfast.

The usual Japanese breakfast consists of rice, miso, soup, pickles and occasionally fish. Tea is always served with meals and is drunk clear, without sugar or cream. Miso soup consists of strips of mullins, seaweed, eggplant or other vegetables cooked with bean curd and water. The cooking is not continued for a long period, and so few vegetables are used that the soup partakes only slightly of the flavor of the ingredients.

## A Whistling Moth.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a low call from the male to the female.

## A Last Resort.

"Can't you do anything at all for my hair?"

"Nope," said the barber. "Hair all gone."

"But my dome shines like a newly starched collar. Can't you give it a sort of doll finish?"—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Land of Large Families. In his article on the winter life of the French Canadians in Harper's Howard H. Smith tells of the extraordinary large families of these simple folk.

"Soon the twilight grew to night, and the large lamp on the table cast its orange glow over the room and the long table filled with steaming dishes. 'You have a large family, madam,' I remarked, as they gathered about the table.

"Oui, monsieur, we are sixteen. It is a good gift to be born Dreu, n'est-ce pas?" she said, turning toward the cure.

"Oest vrai, mon enfant. It is. There is no better gift than that of another child to his kingdom."

"I could not but remember that the law has also encouraged large families by passing a bill at Quebec giving ten acres of land to any family having from that time forth twelve or more children, and how in two years the law was repealed because the demand on those ten-acre lots was in excess of the supply."

## Strawberry Nose.

The most distressing of facial deformities, rhinophyma, which is characterized by a much swollen and reddened tip of the nose, making this look like a huge strawberry or a piece of cauliflower that has been dipped in beet juice, may be cured by a simple operation. Sir William Milligan of the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, England, describes this in the London Lancet.

The operation consists in cutting off all the hypertrophied tissue, while the nasal passages are kept extended with absorbent wool in order to preserve their contour. Care is taken to avoid injury to the lateral cartilages, and only two insignificant blood vessels require tying. The raw surface is covered with two thin grafts of skin cut from the patient's thigh, over which a sheet of gold leaf is placed and a dry dressing fastened with adhesive plaster. It should be possible to remove the dressing in five days.

## Races Within Races in the Balkans.

Language and religion are not the only bonds of the intense subdivision of feeling in the Balkans. The whole region is parcelled out among race fractions, none of which are no larger than a hamlet. Roumanians, Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks have a sharp consciousness of race persistence, and at the same time every state is intent upon breaking up the race units of other peoples which exist within its borders. If Greece were peopled only by Greeks and Bulgaria by Bulgarians and Servia by Servians, the task would be easier. It is a curse to the peninsula that the villagers have pushed this way and that wherever there was a vacant land or wherever they could make a vacancy by driving out the previous holders. The result is the creation of race islands in the midst of angry seas.—Albert Bushnell Hart in Outlook.

## Making the Insects Speak.

In the biography of the world there is no passage more human and more humorous than the account by M. Fabre of his first interview with Pastour, who had never seen a cocoon and was astonished that there was anything in it. He concludes the account thus: "Encouraged by the magnificent example of the cocoons rattling in Pastour's astonished ears, I have made it my rule to adopt the method of ignorance in my investigations into insects. I read very little. Instead of turning the pages of books, an expensive proceeding quite beyond my means, I persist obstinately in interviewing my subject until I succeed in making him speak."—London Spectator.

## Limited Perpetual Motion.

Ambrose Fletcher solved the great problem of perpetual motion the other day, after talking upon it for many years. It is in the shape of a ball which swings back and forth regularly and tirelessly, being propelled by a sort of clockwork mechanism. There is only one drawback to this solution of the old problem. He has to wind the machinery every eight days. There is always something wrong, isn't there? As soon as Ambrose gets it so it will run without winding he will have the problem definitely solved.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Exactly Alike.

"You ought to be pleased with these rolls, George, dear," said the young wife. "They are exactly like those your mother used to make when you were a boy."

"Of course they are," replied George gallantly. "In fact, I thought at first they were the same ones."

And the stupid creature could not understand why Mrs. George burst into tears!—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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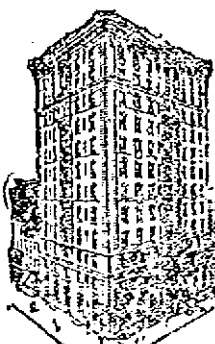
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## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131  
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Saturday, December 18, 1915.

It took forty thousand men to clean up the streets of New York city after the blizzard of last Monday night.

The Maine shooting season is over. Some ten thousand deer have been killed and the usual number of hunters.

For the year 1915 up to Dec. 11 immigration to the United States totaled 116,512, a reduction of 608,397 compared with 1914 and of 1,230,453 compared with 1913.

Since the war began the population of Bridgeport, Conn., has increased from 115,000 to over 160,000 due to war boom. Savings bank deposits have increased 75 per cent, and the pay rolls have increased many fold.

The sentiment of the Republican National committee that met in Washington this week was largely for Justice Hughes for President. It begins to look as though Hughes might be conscripted into the service.

It is estimated that 750 motor cars are leaving New York every week for Europe. The total value of motor vehicles exported from the United States during the year ended Dec. 1 is \$100,000,000, a gain of 250 per cent. over the preceding 12 months.

We went to war with Great Britain one hundred years ago, because she searched our vessels on the high seas and impressed men found on those vessels into her service. Where is the spirit now that allows France to do the same thing almost without a protest?

Several members of Harvard's faculty have received letters from relatives in Germany asking that wheat flour and other foodstuffs be sent them by parcel post. If the Kaiser should learn of this it would be confiscated before it reached the parties to whom it was sent.

As was to be expected Chicago has been selected as the location of the next Republican Convention and June 7th is the date. The conventions and primaries will begin to be held in the various States soon after January 1st. We shall soon be in the throes of another great national campaign.

Conditions in Mexico are said to be worse today than ever. From 200 to 400 persons a day are dying of starvation in the City of Mexico; typhus is epidemic in many cities, and the Red Cross is helpless because its agents were driven from the country Oct. 21, the day President Wilson recognized Gen. Carranza.

Senator Tillman, the South Carolina pitchfork Senator, says in reference to President Wilson's proposed stamp tax on bank checks: "Every time a man wrote a bank check he would have to lick a stamp and curse the Democratic party." If that was the only thing to curse the Democratic party for, much could be forgiven.

All the big nations of Europe being at war each belligerent takes every means possible to injure its opponent, and the neutral power that gets in the way is not considered to have any rights that a belligerent is bound to respect. The college President in the chair of State can write letters but that is apparently all it amounts to.

It is said that the great and only Theodore, he who once was President of this great Republic, conceived the plan last summer, to equip an army of 12,000 cavalry make a dash through Russia and join the Allies in the campaign against the Germans. He then claimed to think that this country was sure to get into the war against Germany and so he planned to be in the fore front of it.

Secretary Lansing, backed by the President has written a pretty sharp letter to the Austrian government in regard to the murder of women and children on board the Ancona. What good will it do? Austria will probably pay no more attention to it than has Germany to the many demands the President has made on her or has England to his protests against her unwarranted interference with neutral commerce, or has France to the protest against her seizure of American ships engaged in lawful trade. The single fact is, England, Germany, France and Austria do precisely as they please as concerns anything or anybody belonging to Uncle Sam on the high seas, and all the punishment they get from our government is a beautifully worded letter of protest which apparently soon finds its way in the belligerents' waste basket. Not a single demand made by President Wilson on any of the belligerents has been heeded. Not a single cause of complaint has been remedied. England has held up our commerce and seized our ships, France has invaded the vessels bearing the United States flag and taken off sailors claiming them to be Germans. Germany and Austria have sunk vessels bearing Americans and caused the loss of many lives of American citizens and the President writes letters and the country remains in suspense for weeks afterwards fearful that something has been said that will cause war, when in fact the only things apparent are a few evasive letters in reply.

## Almost Incredible Action.

The French cruizers that have overhauled American ships and taken them from men in the employ of United States people, have committed a most flagrant act, and one that cannot be condoned in too strong language. The silence of the United States officials on this matter cannot be accounted for. It is, however, but right to assume that the Washington authorities will wake up some time and write a letter to somebody on the subject.

When Capt. Wilkes of the American man-of-war San Jacinto overhauled the British mail steamer Trent on November 8, 1861, and took from it Mason and Sidel, paid agents of the Confederate States, with their secretaries, McFarland and Easton, the United States was forced to disavow his action and provide for the expeditious passage of the prisoners to their original destination. Capt. Wilkes consulted all the law books at hand and could find no case covering the facts. He found that persons under certain circumstances were "contrabands," but he could not find any method provided for "condemning" them. Military dispatches could be seized as contraband. He found none on the Trent. But he concluded to regard the commissioners themselves as "living dispatches." He brought much embarrassment on his government, as a consequence.

Since the Trent affair there is not the excuse of lack of precedent which platted Capt. Wilkes' offense. Every naval officer in the world knows about the case of Mason and Sidel. After a perfunctory defense, Secretary Seward frankly confessed that the British contention was right. The American cabinet was unanimous on the subject. The searching of the Trent was more justifiable than the reported conduct of the French officers. Mason and Sidel were known to be on a mission of so much importance that the Confederacy was paying their expenses. The persons now being taken from American vessels are not soldiers, spies or diplomatic agents. They are merely private citizens whose safe passage had been guaranteed by ships under the American flag. The seizure of such persons would constitute an insult to our flag.

## WILSON SECURES WEDDING LICENSE

Pastor of Mrs. Galt's Faith Will Perform the Ceremony

Washington, Dec. 17.—President Wilson's marriage license, issued at the local municipal bureau, disclosed that the ceremony Saturday night will be performed by a clergyman of Mrs. Galt's faith, Rev. Herbert S. Smith, rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal church. The president is a Presbyterian and an elder in his church.

The license was issued to Chet Usher Hoover of the White House staff. In the application the president's age was given as 59 years and Mrs. Galt's as 48.

The wedding ceremony will be performed at Mrs. Galt's home Saturday night. The hour has not been announced, in keeping with the desire of the couple to have the affair strictly private. It has not been disclosed where the bride and groom will go on their honeymoon journey or when they will leave the capital.

Their plans have been carefully made to avoid publicity. The general impression among friends, however, is that the honeymoon will be spent somewhere in the south.

Probably no one outside the immediate members of the wedding party knows much about any of the arrangements or the bride's trousseau or the gifts she has received.

## CLUBBED AND ROBBERED

Aged War Veteran Murdered in Home Where He Lived Alone

Great Barrington, Mass., Dec. 16.—Lafayette Battelle, 80, a Civil war veteran, who lived alone in a small farmhouse, was found dead in his bed, a victim of murder. He had been bound and gagged and tied to the bed and a wound at the back of the head indicated that he had been clubbed.

Robbery is believed to have been the motive. Battelle received a pension payment amounting to \$90 last week, and also drew \$40 from a bank. The money is missing, together with everything else of value that his little home contained.

The medical examiner said he had been dead three or four days.

## REAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Crane Company to Share More Than \$700,000 Among Employees

Chicago, Dec. 17.—Officials of the Crane company announced that the company's annual Christmas gift to its employees will consist this year of 10 percent of the annual salary of each man or woman employed for more than six months.

One thousand employees throughout the country will share in the company's gift, which will total more than \$700,000.

Burke Wants to Be Senator  
Grand Forks, N. D., Dec. 17.—John Burke, treasurer of the United States, will be a candidate for United States senator from North Dakota. Burke served three terms as governor of North Dakota.

Hans Gross, 68, one of the foremost of criminologists and originator of the Gross detective system, died at Granta, Ger.

## Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 18, 1865.)

## A NEW WATCH HOUSE.

The subject of providing a watch house better adapted to the requirements of our growing city is in the hands of a joint committee of the city council, and we notice by their report made at the last meeting that the old Market building on Ferry Wharf is recommended, and we believe the Marshal and Watchmen favor the project, but his Honor the Mayor prefers the location in the neighborhood of the City Hall. With all deference for the opinion of Mayor Cranston we cannot concur with him, as the building named is centrally located, of no use to anyone, but on the contrary has been a nuisance for a number of years. It is in charge of the city and should be put to use rather than the city expend a large sum to procure a site elsewhere.

## THE NEW YORK BOATS.

The Boston, Newport and New York Steamboat company have placed on the route the new steamer Old Colony, and she is pronounced by passengers to be the best boat, all things considered, that has ever run on the Sound. Her first trip from New York to this port was made in ten hours and a quarter, which proves that she has speed. The Old Colony and the Empire State will form the winter line, and as the latter boat has had new boilers and has been thoroughly overhauled and put in complete repair, the company have two reliable boats.

The two new boats for the Bristol line are being built by W. H. Webb of New York, and are to be about the size of the new steamer Old Colony. They are expected to be ready for service in July. They are to be called Providence and Bristol.

There is no other sidewalk in our city that is used as much as that on the north side of Long wharf, and there is no one in so dilapidated a condition. There can be no doubt but that some individuals or corporation should be made to remedy this evil, and it is very certain that as it is a public thoroughfare the City Council should ascertain who is responsible and order the work done. The public have waited patiently two years for the Trustees of Long wharf or the abutters to "mend their ways" and unless the Council take the matter up they will have to wait two more years.

Since our article two weeks since in regard to coal from the Portsmouth mines, a large number of our citizens have commenced burning it, and find that the parlor stoves now used in use are well adapted to its combustion, and with the price at \$8.50 the ton and double the heat, Pennsylvania coals are too costly to use. By another winter it will be necessary for our dealers to keep a supply on hand.

The project of procuring a steam fire engine was defeated by the board of aldermen, but this was understood to have been done that the subject may be once more submitted to the people, as it is believed that they are in favor of purchasing one, and not two.

Two companies of the Fifteenth Infantry left Fort Adams Thursday evening for Mobile. There are yet some 350 men at the Fort belonging to the same regiment, and it is rumored that the headquarters of the regiment will be moved South before March.

A new lighthouse is to be erected on Block Island at a cost of \$15,000. Owing to the gradual washing away of the island it will be put in a new location.

## Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of December 20, 1890.)

## THURSDAY'S STORM.

The cold snap of the earlier part of the week ended up Wednesday night with one of the severest rain and wind storms of the year. The four and five inches of ice at Easton's pond, which had furnished excellent skating for several days and evenings, and which promised an early harvest for the various ice companies, was destroyed, and the efficiency of the telephone and telegraph wires was greatly interfered with. Some of the side streets were more or less washed out, but no serious damage was reported.

Mr. George Cole Stevens, formerly of this city has just completed the plans and specifications for the water works at Ironwood, Wisconsin, of which he is chief engineer. Ironwood is one of the rapidly growing towns of that State.

The late August Belmont possessed a collection of works of art that is valued at more than one million dollars.

## BLOCK ISLAND.

Mrs. Daniel Mott.

Annie Maria Mott died Sunday, Dec. 12, 1915. She was born on Block Island Sept. 21, 1850, daughter of the late Loxy Sprague and Anderson B. Dickens. She is a direct descendant of the Dickens family who settled here about fifty years after the Island was settled.

In the year 1856 she joined the First Baptist Church, was baptized by Rev. Mr. Baker, and has always lived her life, keeping the true standard of Christianity as the motto of her daily living. On June 27, 1876, she married Daniel Mott who has been first Warden of the town of New Shoreham for the last 23 years.

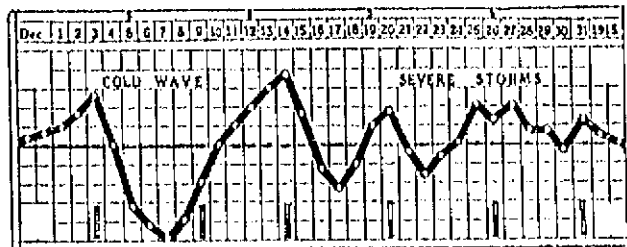
Although sick about ten weeks she was not considered dangerously ill until a few days before her death. She is survived by her husband, one daughter (Mrs. Lola Toms) and a brother, Lovell H. Dickens.

The funeral took place Thursday from the home where she had lived since she was married forty years ago.

The German government is endeavoring to secure all the gold placed in German safe deposit vaults since the war began by urging the banks to serve notice on renters of space that unless patrons sign a declaration that the vault drawers contain no gold they cannot renew expiring rents.

It is reported that President Wilson's plan to put a tax of 60 cents a horse power on automobiles and internal combustion engines and one cent a gallon on gasoline will be abandoned. There is likelihood too of the Administration dropping its suggestion as to a tax on pig iron and steel.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.



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December temperatures will average lower than usual. Lowest temperatures during the week centering on December 7 and highest during the week centering on December 14. Storms will not be severe and not much probability of earthquakes. Precipitation much the same as for October. Most severe storms during week centering on December 25. Generally good weather for picking cotton and gathering corn.

Treble line represents seasonal normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperatures and downward indicates falling temperatures. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Dec. 16 to 22, warm wave 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 21. This will cause some increase of precipitation, particularly in eastern sections but this precipitation month—Dec. 12 to Jan. 10—is expected to be deficient in moisture, particularly east of the Rockies. This storm will be of moderate force on Pacific slope but will increase as it moves eastward, beginning a dangerous storm out on the Atlantic about Dec. 21. Bad time to be on the Atlantic coast.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 23, cross Pacific slope by close of Dec. 21, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern sections 28. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 23, central valleys 26, eastern sections 27. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 26, central valleys 28, eastern sections 30.

This will be a severe winter storm from the Pacific to the Atlantic with heavy snows in northern parts of Pacific slope and the Rockies and less precipitation east of the Rockies. Bad weather for unsalted live stock and not a good time for humans to be out of doors.

Another disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 28, cross Pacific slope by close of Dec. 26, central valleys 30 to 31, eastern sections 31. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 28, central valleys 30, eastern sections 31. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 31, central valleys 31, eastern sections 32.

This will be about an average storm for this month but we are now at the beginning of the grand annual year of 1916 and the storm forces will continue to be of greater intensity than the average of many years. Out on the north Atlantic this will be a severe storm about Jan. 4.

Indications are that January will average warmer than usual but greater extremes are expected. The weeks centering on Jan. 6 and 20 are expected to average unusually warm, the week centering on January 12 colder than usual and the week centering on Jan. 27 excessively cold. Most severe storms during weeks centering on Jan. 6, 20 and 27. The precipitation month will change from dry to wet east of the Rockies about Jan. 10, but the wet will continue east of the Rockies and in South America. Severe cold waves are expected not far from Jan. 20 and 26.

## Seems to be Catching.

Said a member of the Boston Women's club:

She was a woman of ideals. To her love—True Love with capital letters—was something far beyond rubrics—diamonds was probably her goal.

However, with a soulful sigh, she began to question a girl friend who had just got engaged to an ordinary sort of chap.

"Yes—or—enough for several men, in a mild sort of way," she explained with a girlish blush, "but I have never loved any man so much that I was ready to give up my home and everything, and work for him if he need be. That is the real love, isn't it?"

The newly-betrothed person tossed her head scornfully.

"Love," she scoffed. "No, that's softening of the brain."

"What a lovely baby," said Flaherty. "I've got his picture took yet, I don't?"

"Not yet," said Fogarty, the proud father. "We tried to, but after an hour's lost labor the photographer transferred us to a moving picture studio."

--Lippincott's Magazine.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC, DECEMBER, 1915

STANDARD TIME.

Sun	Moon	High	Water
Rises	Sets	sets	sets
18 Sat	7 05	4 13	4 41
19 Sun	7 10	4 15	4 42
20 Mon	7 15	4 16	4 43
21 Tues	7 20	4 17	4 44
22 Wed	7 25	4 18	4 45
23 Thurs	7 30	4 19	4 46
24 Fri	7 35	4 20	4 47
25 Sat	7 40	4 21	4 48
26 Sun	7 45	4 22	4 49
27 Mon	7 50	4 23	4 50
28 Tues	7 55	4 24	4 51
29 Wed	8 00	4 25	4 52
30 Thurs	8 05	4 26	4 53
31 Fri	8 10	4 27	4 54

New Moon Dec. 6 1.01 a.m. Evening  
Full Moon 13th Dec. 12 8.23 a.m. Morning  
Moon's last Dec. 21 7.52 a.m. Morning  
Moon's last Dec. 29 7.28 a.m. Morning

## Deaths.

In this city, 15th inst., Ellen, wife of James Donnelly.

In this city, 15th inst., Annie Waters, wife of George Waters.

In this city, 15th inst., James Cady, in his 74th year.

In New Shoreham, 15th inst., Christopher E. Chapman, in his 74th year.

In this city, 15th inst., Beatrice, wife of William Matthews, and daughter of Benjamin P. Browne, formerly of this city.

In this city, 15th inst., George, son of Charles and Sarah H. Anderson, in his 27th year.

In this city, 15th inst., John, son of Charles and Sarah H. Anderson, in his 27th year.

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A new convert to the "widow-on-window all winter," now convalescing from his third cold in the head, announces that henceforth he shall his window and returns to barbarism.

There's good in everything; fifty-four of the newspaper boys are enabled to take a trip to Europe, thanks to Mr. Ford's generosity; and there's no denying he is generous.

So long as there is work to be done at Panama, Gen. Goethals will have a finger in the pie, says an editor; and at present it looks like a mud pie.

Some of the Crusades in medieval times were no more futile than Henry Ford's; but they had their uses.

## TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

## Notice of Application FOR

## Liquor License.

AT THE TOWN COUNCIL of the town of New Shoreham, Dec. 15, 1915, application was made for license to sell pure, distilled, malt and intoxicating liquors, at retail only by the following named person:

WILLIAM A. DORRIS, master of hotel.

Read near the "Old Pier."

FRANKS GAVIN, at the New Harbor Pavilion.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on Monday, the 15th day of January, A. D. 1916, at 8 o'clock p.m., at which time and place persons objecting to the granting of the above application may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham:

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

12-11-3W

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., December 6, 1915.

Estate of Emma E. Rice.

Request in writing is made by Anna Rice, of New Shoreham, the mother and heir at law of Emma E. Rice, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, for the purpose of having said Emma E. Rice, late of said New Shoreham, declared to be dead, and for the purpose of



## PLAN ATTACK AT SALONIKI

Supposed Intention of Forces of the Central Powers ALLIES STRONGLY REINFORCED

Italy to Send Assistance to Serbians and Montenegrins—Toulon Dickerling With Greek Government, but Latter Objects to Bulgarians and Austrians Crossing Her Frontier

London, Dec. 17.—The belief is growing in military circles here that the German forces are preparing to attack the Anglo-French armies at Saloniki, despite the announcement that the Italians have effected a landing on the Albanian coast and that the Anglo-French forces, which have fallen back toward Saloniki, have been strongly reinforced with men and guns, including some heavy naval weapons.

It is not stated how large a force the Italians will send to the assistance of the Serbians and Montenegrins, but from the fact that the official account intimates that landings have been made at more than one port, it is taken for granted that an army of considerable proportions is to be sent across the Adriatic.

With the Montenegrins and Serbians who escaped into Albania, will be a serious threat to the central powers' flank, while they can never look in silence on the concentration of an army at Saloniki, which, at a chosen moment, would undertake an offensive, and on the gathering of Russians at Bessarabia.

It is anticipated, therefore, that the Germans will strike at Saloniki before the Anglo-French forces grow too strong, and, it is believed, with that end in view, they are now negotiating with the Greek government.

If their plan include the participation of the Bulgarians in the attack, they are likely to meet with opposition from Greece, as Greece is strongly averse to any Bulgarians crossing her frontier. This applies also, to some extent, to the Austrians, whose ambitions always have been for a part on the Aegean, preferably Saloniki.

On the whole, therefore, it is thought here that the Greeks might prefer to see the outcome remain there until the end of the war. In fact, Lord Robert Cecil, under secretary of foreign affairs, said in the house of commons that the Anglo-French plan was to keep the central powers from that city, in accordance with the wishes of Greece.

Hopkins that the Germans are preparing for an offensive in the west, but that there has been little but artillery engagements and aerial fights and raids.

General Townshend, commanding the British forces in Mesopotamia, reports the repulse of another attack at Kut-el-Amara, since which the Turks have been quiet.

Halg Succeeds French

London, Dec. 16.—After months of inaction on the Franco-Belgian front, which has aroused curiosity and criticism in neutral lands and created a feeling of confidence in the central empires, Great Britain has at last made a change of field commanders.

Field Marshal French, by official order issued from the war office last night, is relieved of his command of the British forces in France and Flanders, and will be succeeded by General Haig, one of Kitchener's heroes of the Sudan, and one of the first of British leaders to win renown in the early days of the present war.

Body Found Packed in Trunk Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—Doubled up in a brass-bound steamer trunk, the body of a man was discovered buried beneath the floor of an old building in the northeastern section of the city by workmen engaged in remodeling the structure.

Ex-Senator Cockrell Dead—Washington, Dec. 14.—Francis M. Cockrell, former United States senator from Missouri, died here. Prominent as a Democrat, he represented Missouri in Washington for thirty years. He was born in Missouri in 1834.

Gallant Work by Coast Guard Washington, Dec. 13.—How the United States coast guard saved the lives of 1507 persons and gave aid in distress to vessels and cargoes valued at \$11,083,730 in the last fiscal year is set forth in an annual report.

King George Almost Well London, Dec. 14.—King George, who suffered severe injury by being thrown from his horse at the British front in France, Oct. 23, has recovered sufficiently to take up affairs of state under certain restrictions.

Robberies on the New Haven Providence, Dec. 17.—New Haven railroad officials report the road has been robbed of \$18,000 worth of goods from cars in the last three months from Midway, Conn., to New Haven.

Death of Rabbi Elkin Hartford, Dec. 13.—Dr. Meyer Elkin, one of the best known rabbis in New England, died here last night after an operation. He was 75 years old and was born in Germany.

Tanker Communipaw Is Safe Washington, Dec. 17.—Safe arrival at Ashters of the American tanker Communipaw, variously reported attacked by a submarine, sunk and safe, was reported to the state department by the American consul at that port.

## BANDITS CAUGHT IN MAINE WOODS

Had Killed Policeman and Station Agent at Portland

PUT UP DESPERATE BATTLE

Both Badly Wounded in Hand-to-Hand Fight With Police and Posses of Citizens—Foreigners Not at Liberty Very Long After Having Committed Double Crime

Portland, Me., Dec. 17.—After a desperate gun battle in which Patrolman Charles E. McIntosh and Station Agent Ernest Winslow were killed, two bandits were captured by the police in the woods near Riverton park. They gave their names as Peter Patropoulos of Lowell, Mass., and Louis J. Patons of Augusta, Me.

The men were captured after a hand-to-hand fight with the police and a large posse of citizens who pursued them after they had attempted to blow the safe at the West Falmouth station of the Maine Central railway. The bandits were both badly wounded, but are expected to recover.

Winslow and McIntosh met their death in a field in the North Deering section of the city.

When he went to work at the station Winslow found that the robbers had broken in. He telephoned for help and when McIntosh arrived they trailed the bandits.

Both set a opened fire and when the bandits were over Winslow was dealt with two bullets in his side and McIntosh was dying from shots through the head and chest and a stab wound in the abdomen.

The fugitives then fled through the woods to a point near Riverton park, where they again made a desperate fight before a posse of police and citizens rushed and overpowered them.

After their capture the arrested men admitted the killing of Winslow and McIntosh, according to the police.

The police said that the two men claimed to have been wandering about the state looking for work but unable to find it. They told the police that they had planned to go to Massachusetts.

It is supposed that McIntosh was shot to death as he rushed on the men and that Winslow grappled one of them and was killed by the other when the police officer had been disposed of.

The country around Falmouth is wild, though cut by fine roads and with summer cottages scattered through it.

## ADVOCATES STRONG NAVY

Dewey Says Massachusetts Coast Is Especially Vulnerable

Washington, Dec. 17.—Only a navy strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest probable adversary could prevent the landing of hostile forces at a large number of important points on the Atlantic seaboard, according to a letter from Admiral Dewey to Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, read to the house.

The coast of Massachusetts, says Dewey, is especially vulnerable, and he also cites "the eastern end and south shore of Long Island and the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. The admiral declares that our fleet should be as strong as our strongest adversary.

## MAY LEAVE IN SECURITY

British Safe Conducts Are Granted to Boy-Ed and Von Papan

Washington, Dec. 16.—The British embassy received from London authorization to issue safe conducts to Captains Boy-Ed and von Papan, the withdrawn German naval and military attaches.

The safe conducts will be unconditional, it having been decided by the allies not to require the officers to give assurances that they will refrain from participation in the war after reaching Germany.

Issuance of safe conduct to their successors has not yet been considered. No request has been made.

## Kills Self and Child

Boston, Dec. 13.—Grief over the death of her mother two months ago is believed to have caused Mrs. Annie F. Carter to take the life of herself and her 18-months-old daughter by gas poisoning at their home, 150 U street, South Boston.

## Cadets Ousted For Hazing

Washington, Dec. 15.—President Wilson dismissed three cadets from the Annapolis naval academy at the request of Secretary of the Navy Daniels. The dismissed cadets were implicated in the hazing cases.

## Wilson Prepares For Honeymoon

Washington, Dec. 16.—President Wilson has begun conferences with heads of various departments in an effort to clear up pending matters before he leaves on his honeymoon trip Saturday night.

## France to Recognize Carranza

Paris, Dec. 16.—The French government decided to give official recognition to the Carranza government in Mexico.

## Ex-Senator Hale Seriously Ill

Washington, Dec. 17.—Former Senator Hale of Maine is seriously ill at his home here. Owing to his advanced age, 79 years, little hope is held out for his recovery.

## New President of Switzerland

Berne, Dec. 17.—Camille de Coppet was elected president of the Swiss republic, and Edmund Schultess vice president.

## CLOSE TO BREAK WITH AUSTRIA

Ancona Reply Will Be Rejected by United States

NOT DISPOSED TO PARLEY

Washington Officials at Loss to Find Room For Discussion or Dispute of Facts—Lansing's Note the Most Vigorous of All American Correspondence of the War

Washington, Dec. 17.—Austria's reply to Secretary Lansing's note on the Ancona is regarded as wholly unsatisfactory, unacceptable and disappointing to the United States. Diplomatic relations between the two countries may safely be described as standing at the breaking point.

It is stated authoritatively that the United States will enter into no exchange of opinions and absolutely will decline to discuss the facts of the torpedoing and shelling of the Ancona by an Austrian submarine with consequent loss of American lives.

The suggestion for an exchange of opinions, the virtual request for a bill of particulars of the American complaint against the action of the submarine commander, and the proposal for a discussion of the facts are to be refused. It was made clear that the United States does not propose to enter into a diplomatic discussion which would have possibilities of being prolonged almost indefinitely.

An Secretary Lansing based the representations in his note on the official statement of the Austrian admiralty itself. American officials are at a loss to understand where there is much room for discussion or dispute of facts.

News received from Vienna that the submarine which sunk the Ancona was missing led some officials to believe that a new element had been introduced into the dispute which had promise of carrying some weight. That point, however, seems to have been disregarded in Austria's answer.

American officials believe that, taking as a basis the official admission of the Austrian admiralty that the Ancona was shelled, torpedoed and sunk while passengers were still aboard, there is little room for discussion of Lansing's contention that the commander violated the principles of international law and humanity and that it was "wantonly slaughter of defenseless non-combatants."

Officials point out that a thoroughly unsatisfactory and unresponsive reply from Austria would bring diplomatic relations between the two countries to a crisis because of the closing words of Lansing's note, which declared that "good relations between the two countries rest upon a common regard for law and humanity," and that Austria, appreciating the gravity of the case, "will accede to its (the United States) demand promptly."

Specifically, the note demanded denouncing the sinking of the Ancona as "an illegal and indefensible act," the punishment of the commander who "perpetrated the deed," and the payment of an indemnity to those Americans who suffered.

The note stands as the most vigorous of all the American correspondence of the war and was not equalled even by the note at the close of the submarine controversy with Germany.

Austria's diplomatic relations with the United States since the recall of Ambassador Dumba for his connection with plots to cripple American munitions plants have been maintained by the embassy here with Baron Zwiadnick as charge d'affaires.

The state department has received no official information from its own sources that American Ambassador Penfield at Vienna has been handed the reply. From Zwiadnick, however, came the information that the reply had been delivered.

Zwiadnick received a wireless message from his government calling his attention to the reply and giving him, it was believed, certain instructions as to what course to pursue. Zwiadnick called upon Lansing twice yesterday following the receipt of the wireless dispatch. On both occasions he discussed the situation informally and received additional light on the views which this government holds.

## New Record in Farm Products

Washington, Dec. 15.—Secretary Houston's annual report places an estimate of \$9,873,000,000 on the value of American farm crops and animal products for last year, a valuation without precedent. This, however, probably will be eclipsed by the present year's showing.

## Slaughter of Armenians

London, Dec. 16.—Lord Bryce has issued a further report on the Armenian atrocities. In this he gives the estimate of a competent observer, placing the destruction of life at nearly 1,000,000, practically half the population of Armenia.

## The Universal theatre building,

Waltham, Me., suffered \$5000 damage by fire.

## George Metcalf, 15, while skating

at Norwood, Mass., broke through the ice and was drowned.

## John Buckley, general secretary

of the Irish National Foresters, died at Somerville, Mass. He was a native of Cork.

## Mrs. Eva H. Minot, 39, died at

Quincy, Mass., of a fractured skull received by falling down stairs.

Miss Elizabeth A. Moore, 70, died at Brookline, Mass., as a result of injuries sustained when she was struck by a trolley car.

## OLD MAN CHARGED WITH KIDNAPPING

Mysteriously Left Lowell With Two Little Girls

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 17.—The Lowell police secured a warrant for the arrest of David D. Gilson, a Civil war veteran, on a charge of kidnapping little and Vivian James, 11 and 9 years old, who, with the old man, disappeared last Friday.

The police say they have traced the old man to Fitchburg, that he had the two girls with him there, and that he boarded a train for North Adams.

The police have learned that Gilson called at several ticket agencies on Friday. At one place he asked the price of a fare to Fitchburg, Ga., and at another he asked for maps of the Virginia territory.

Gilson is a familiar figure in the streets of Lowell, where for several months he sold ballads. He drew \$15 in pension money on Dec. 4. He is about 72 years old, slight of build, under medium height, of a limping gait. He has a white beard and restless eyes.

## BIG GAME SEASON ENDS

Eleven Maine Hunters Killed by Wounds and One Drowned

Bangor, Me., Dec. 16.—The big game season in this state ended last evening. Statistics at hand indicate a total kill of 8000 to 10,000 deer in the entire state. No moose have been killed this year, as they are protected for four years.

There have been twelve fatalities to hunters, one by drowning and eleven by gunshot wounds, some of which were due to accidental discharge of guns and others to mistakes on the part of other hunters.

## CRAZED BY JEALOUSY

Maine Man Kills Bride and Self and Shoots Two Youths

Bangor, Me., Dec. 17.—Frank Grotto, 22, shot two men he believed to be admirers of his bride of a few months, killed his 20-year-old wife as she fled from the South Etna farmhouse in which they lived, then fired a bullet into his own brain and dropped dead across her body.

Arthur Symonds, 19, one of the two brothers of whom Grotto had been jealous, is dying. His brother, Leslie, 20, was shot in the back, but will recover.

## Fire in Marine Hospital

Boston, Dec. 17.—Lives of fifty patients in the Marine hospital in Chelsea were endangered about midnight when fire started in a storage room on the first floor. Commandant Brown aroused nurses and doctors and superintended the work of transferring the patients, many of them seriously ill, to the isolation hospital. The building was ruined.

## Peyton Stays the Limit

Boston, Dec. 17.—Boston wrestling fans got their first glimpse in this city of a Jim Hall bout in full operation when Jack Peyton, known as the European champion, stayed the limit of twenty minutes with Taro Myaki, the Japanese holder of the world's title, in a time match.

## Must Pay \$5100 Auto Damages

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 15.—Porter E. Newton was awarded a verdict of \$5100 damages against Edward P. McSweeney by a jury here. Mrs. Newton was awarded \$100 damages against McSweeney. They sued for damages as the result of an automobile collision.

## Recluse Burns to Death

Waterville, Me., Dec. 16.—Henry N. Sturtevant, 87, a recluse, was burned to death in his bed when fire destroyed his secluded dwelling on the outskirts of the city. He had been living alone since he divorced his young wife ten years ago.

## Three Killed on Crossing

Dayville, Conn., Dec. 16.—Ell Briere, 57, a farmer, his daughter Rose, 20, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred Briere, 22, were instantly killed here when their team was struck by a train at an unprotected grade crossing.

## Why Not Rely On Cuticura



To Care for Your Hair and Scalp

The Soap to cleanse and purify. The Ointment to soothe and heal.

## Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Liberal samples of each mailed free, with 25¢ box of Cuticura ointment and Cuticura Soap, Dept. 112, Boston.

**MANY A MAN**  
**In Good Circumstances**  
puts off saving a portion of his income until his days are well spent, and his earning capacity decreases.  
It is expedient to save now and deposit in the bank each week a portion of your income.  
We will be pleased to receive your account, and will allow you a liberal rate of interest on your deposits.  
4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

**INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,**  
Office with Newport Trust Company.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF  
**The National Exchange Bank.**  
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, November 10, 1915.

RESOURCES.		
Cash and Discounts		\$27,837.17
Overdrafts, Uncollected		1,042.11
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	(30,000.00)	100,000.00
Total U. S. Bonds		100,000.00
Securities other than U. S. Bonds (not including stocks)		16,522.00
Real Estate		1,000.00
Total Real Estate, etc.		1,000.00
Subscriptions to U. S. Federal Reserve Bank		2,000.00
Banking House		2,000.00
Other Real Estate owned		2,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		10,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis		10,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents in other Reserve Cities		10,000.00
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)		10,000.00
Exchange and clearing House		10,000.00
Outside Checks and other Cash Items		1,100.00
Fractional Currency		1,100.00
Notes of other National Banks		1,100.00
PAID UP MONEY RECEIVED IN BANK, viz:		
Total cash and certificates		11,225.50
Legal-tender notes		8,277.51
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)		5,000.00
<b>TOTAL</b>		\$300,893.17
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		10,000.00
Undivided profits		20,000.00
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		7,971.01
Circulating Notes		21,741.88
Due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)		10,000.00
Dividends unpaid		2,000.00
Indy dual deposits subject to check		13,287.17
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days		85,000.17
Certified checks		144.11
<b>TOTAL</b>		\$300,893.17

County of Newport, ss:  
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of November, 1915.  
PACER DRAMIAN, Notary Public.  
Correct Attest:  
EDWARD S. DEUKIAS,  
EDWARD A. BROWN,  
WILLIAM R. HARVEY, } Directors.

Winter Vacations in the  
**White Highlands**  
Of New England  
Invigorating snow and ice sports; the thrilling mile-long sloop on bob-sled or toboggan; snow-shoeing or skiing; skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, on mountain lakes.  
For booklet "An Outdoor Enthusiast" write to Advertising Department, New Haven.  
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

**Chafing Dishes**  
With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY!  
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.  
you insert the plug and turn the switch.  
When this is done you can devote all your attention to the cooking.  
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.  
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Are you planning a dance? You want FINE DANCING ORDERS. That's where we live.  
VISIT US AND BE CONVINCED  
Kicker—Who does the baby look like.  
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PAID FOR  
**Old Engravings**  
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SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (First class place, first class recommendations, five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. Abolitionist. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, early and under glass. Vegetables etc.  
Address S.W. 8, Box 573, Peace Dale R. I.

## Old Bill's Gift

By Octavia Roberts

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)  
Bill, more familiarly "Old Bill"—he had never been known to mention a family name—looked around his "haven of holiday comfort," as he termed it, with a chuckle of supreme satisfaction.

"It's great!" he gloated, "with only one thing missing—a Christmas tree." Bill was a character. The townspeople designated him a tramp. Some, however, the appellation did not seem to fit. He did not drink nor swear. He did not beg. His willing ways had made him popular, and when Bill was "down on his luck" and passed a doorway hungry-looking, his wants were generally provided for unsolicited.

It was the day before Christmas. Behind the patient gleam in "Old Bill's" eyes lurked some sentiment of memory that impelled him to celebrate. This special year he had been preparing for the event with the eager ardor of a school boy. Bill had made no confidants. Quietly and enjoyably he had laid his plans.

These were now perfected. A week back Bill had "gone to house-keeping." He had discovered an old abandoned barn just beyond the town limits. The lower part had lost doors and windows and was bleak and cheerless indeed. A rickety staircase, however, led to a room in one corner of the loft. It was cozy and warm and at one time had been a harness room. Here Bill had "camped." He had fished out an old oil stove, a cot, a table and chair from the town dumping heap.

A particular housewife had presented one side with a roasted chicken because one side was slightly charred. On the rude table beside it were half a dozen homemade doughnuts and a real mince pie.

Bill took a last look at the goodly array of comfort then went out to seek a branch of arbutus which would serve as a Christmas tree.

As he neared the barn on his return he came to a speedy halt.

A light glowed over at one corner of the place. It proceeded from a lantern set in the feed box of a manger. In the manger itself across the stale hay it contained a blanket was spread, and, swathed in coverings upon this, as revealed by the lantern rays, lay a little sleeping babe.

Near by a serious-faced man was shaking the snow from his shoulders. Beside him, seated on an old suitcase, was a comely but care-worn woman.

The man began to speak. Bill, agape, drew into the shadow and listened. It was to hear enough to learn that bad luck was driving these homeless ones from their former home, penniless, on foot, to the father of the wife, ten miles further on. The storm had driven them to temporary shelter.

The husband and father had taken a well-thumbed volume from his pocket. He began reading aloud. It was of "an upper room," of a master and his beloved disciples, of a supper never to be forgotten in the memory of mankind.

Bill stood like one transfixed. What tender chord had been struck that he closed his eyes! He was back forty years in memory, at his mother's knee. How vivid, how appealing—a picture she had shown him of the Christ-child in a manger, of the devoted father and mother, as here before him, a prototype of that holy eve so real, so touching—the First Christmas!

A mighty thought moved him as he quietly spoke:

"Friend, upstairs you will find comfort till the storm is over. Call it a Christmas greeting—see?" and was gone.

"I'll strike out for Farmer Dale's haymow," shivered Bill, after half an hour's desultory wandering, and he turned about—to start, to shout out, and then to run.

For there in the distance the familiar farmhouse showed no illumination within, but beyond it a glare shot up—a haystack on fire!

Bill reached the farmyard. The wind had blown the flames against one gable of the house and it was burning. He ran to the stable for a pitchfork. Then began a fierce battle. Bucket after bucket of water he carried. The last spark was dashed out, and Bill sank exhausted to the ground as the farmer and his family, visiting at a neighbor's and attracted by the blaze, came rushing upon the scene.

"Yes," declared Farmer Dale, two hours later, as he showed Bill up the stairs and into a comfortable chamber, "this is your room, and you will sleep here, and you're a free boarder long as you like, understand? Why, there'd be no house to sleep in if it wasn't for you!"

Old Bill was a long time getting into bed. Like to a child he sank into a peaceful slumber, his softened spirit in radiant dreams wandering through that "upper room" filled with the souls of those, however humble, who had helped to make true "Peace on earth good will to men."

Obeying Directions.  
"Good heavens, John, what made you pick out such an ugly woman to send home? She scared the baby almost into fits."

"Just did what you told me, Maria. You said you wanted a plain cook, and I got the plainest one to be had."—Baltimore American.

## Under the Mistletoe

By M. P. Heatherington

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)  
It was an ideal Yuletide. The sweet notes of church chimes throbbing out melodiously, "Peace on earth, good will to men," announced it; laughter, smiles, gay greetings among the street crowds emphasized it. Two men going in the same direction, strangers one to the other, yet oddly mutually involved in a fateful circumstance of the hour, unconsciously lessened their gait to catch the final notes from the distant belfry.

He in advance, swarthy, evil-eyed, bearing a neatly covered box under his arm, uttered an ugly, sinister chuckle.

"Before that hour strikes again—this!" he hissed malevolently rather than uttered, and he tapped the box and strode on, grim with some profound purpose.

The man ten paces behind him, young, handsome, neat, but none too fashionably clad, carried a thin, square package suggesting a canvas, for his was an artist's face, and he was an artist—Chase Merwyn.

Had he spoken his heart's thought he would have whispered softly:

"Before this hour strikes again I shall have said good-by to all I love." He of the sinister semblance strode on and turned into a fashionable residence thoroughfare. Unconsciously like a shadow, the other kept almost even pace with him. Under an arc lamp Chase Merwyn paused to look over the package he carried. His objective point was a mansion, a dazzling place of light and luxury, and before it the sinister-looking man had halted a poorly-dressed fellow struggling along without an overcoat, and blue and pinched with the cold.

The twain were conversing and the man with the box banded it to the other, pointed to the doorway of the

mansion and passed on. His messenger proceeded up the steps, which Merwyn mounted also. It was in time to see a servant open the door and to hear the other say:

"A present for Mr. Worthington; to be opened tomorrow."

"Oh, of course that," smiled the servant, taking the box. "I will place it with the other gifts. Ah, Mr. Merwyn," and the servant stepped aside to admit him.

"For Miss Worthington," said Merwyn, handing his gift to the other. His gift was a picture he had painted, and with it was a letter.

Slowly Merwyn descended the steps. He paused for a few moments on the pavement to take a last look at the home that held so much for him. A slinking figure approached him from the shadows.

"Mister," he stammered, "I'm poor and I need the gold coin a man gave me for delivering a box to that house tonight, but—"

"Ah, I remember!" observed Merwyn, recalling man and circumstance. "A gold coin is so rare for a trifling service," resumed the other, "that I was suspicious. Then again I didn't like the face of the man who gave it to me; I followed him. He met some others like himself. I heard him laugh over an explosion about midnight."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Merwyn, comprehending, and was up the steps in a flash.

"Quick! Quick!" he cried to the servant, just setting the chain on the inside.

"The music room!" uttered Merwyn excitedly and hurried thither, turned on the light switch and made a dash for

the table. He remembered the shape and size of the box. His eyes made out one corresponding to it.

Merwyn gave it a fling through the window, there was a flash, and outside a detonation that shook the house. Some flying object thudded against his head and he fell to the floor.

It was Christmas day when he opened his eyes. He lay upon a couch pulled directly under the chandelier. Daylight was streaming into the room. The wrecked window frame was barricaded. His head was bandaged, and seated at a little distance was Esther.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried as she noticed that his eyes had opened. "The surgeon has just left, and papa—he says you saved us all and that you are a hero! And the beautiful picture you intended for me—it was riddled with window glass, but I found the letter. Why did you write so sadly?"

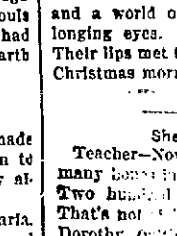
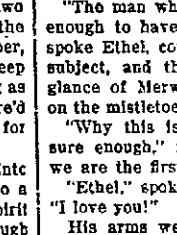
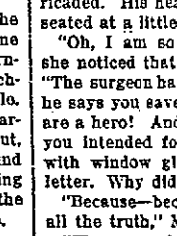
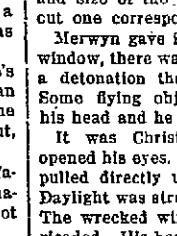
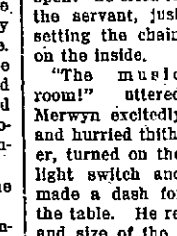
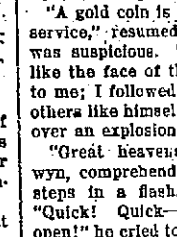
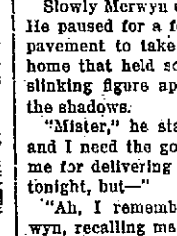
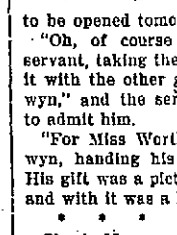
"Because—I feared to write all the truth," Merwyn confessed.

"The man who warned you told us enough to have us guess the truth," spoke Esther, confusedly changing the subject, and then she followed the glance of Merwyn. His eyes rested on the mistletoe right over his head.

"Why this is Christmas morning, sure enough," muttered Esther, "and we are the first—"

"Ethel," spoke Merwyn irresistibly, "I love you!"

His arms were lifted towards her and a world of pleading was in his longing eyes. She did not hesitate. Their lips met that strangely beautiful Christmas morn—under the mistletoe.



## Santa From the South

By Delylee Ferree Cass

While the newspapers throughout the United States were busily announcing the warlike operations of Gen. Sanchez Fernandez here, there and elsewhere that December, it was a fact that the revolutionary dictator of Mexico was really in Washington, D. C., where he had been peremptorily summoned by the president.

His conference at the capitol was short and very much to the point. It was pointed out with painful decisiveness to the General Fernandez that hereafter he would have to make his ragged army respect the rights of U. S. A.

The pill that General Fernandez was thus made to swallow was not sugar coated, but it unquestionably did him good. He went down the White House steps that day before Christmas a sadder and a wiser man. However the dictator of Mexico was a philosopher.

General Fernandez muffled his face deep in the soft warmth of his fur-collared greatcoat, and started off down the avenue.

By and by he came to the business district where throngs of last-minute shoppers were bustling about. Snow had begun to fall heavily—great fleecy flakes that filled the whole air and, supplementing the gay holiday decorations and shouts of street hawkers,

gave the scene an air of fairylike unreality.

The jolly, free-handed Christmas spirit was contagious, but it made him feel very lonely. He wanted a comrade—someone, anyone, in all this big, busy city,

who would hail him simply as a friend and not as the celebrated General Fernandez.

He came to a street corner where he heard his own name shouted in a shrill, childish voice close by.

"Huxtree there, people! Huxtree polter! Spend a cent and read all about General Fernandez the Mexican butcher! He's murderin' women and babies down there right now! Big battle at Guavero; three hundred killed! Huxtree here, all about the bloody General Fernandez!"

At first the dictator scowled; then smiled queerly and approached the ragged waif at the newsstand. She was blue with cold and a shiver beneath scanty rags. Below an old shawl, her thin, prematurely-aged face looked wan and pinched.

Genuinely pity—an unusual thing in the dictator—seized him as he surveyed her.

"Do you really believe that this General Fernandez is as bad as all that?" he asked her with a whimsical half-smile.

The street waif stared up at him suspiciously.

"Gwan away from here, you dudet! Can't y' see I'm tryin' to sell my polters? Tonight's Christmas eve an' I wanna sell out so as to go in one of the big stores an' see Santa Claus."

"How many papers have you left to sell, little girl?"

"Twenty-one."

"I'll take them all. Here's a quarter. You can keep the change."

"Whadda y' do in this?" still suspicious.

The great General Fernandez smiled at the waif sadly, indulgently.

"Child, I'm a stranger here and I'm ever so lonely. Everybody else has a welcoming home tonight—has someone to whom he can give presents and know that they'll be appreciated. It's Christmas eve and I too want to forget myself for a while and play Santa Claus for somebody."

"If I really thought y' meant all that," muttered the waif skeptically, "I'd say, why not practice some o' y'r good intentions on me. Lordy knows, I need 'em."

The dictator's face became radiant. He laughed wholeheartedly as he had not done before in years and took one of the wee girl's half-frozen hands kindly within his big gloved one.

"It shall all be just as you say," he cried, much to her astonishment. "Come along with me now—first somewhere to get you a warm coat and hood and some furry mittens. Then we'll go to a fine restaurant. And after you've eaten every bit you can hold, we'll go see the toys and you can pick out your own present."

"Y'r not kiddin' me, mister?"

"On my honor, no."

"Then it's all the same to you, let's hit the toy departments first. I've had my eye on a big yellow-headed doll—real hair it is, too!—there in the Emporium for six months."

"We'll do just as you say, kiddie, but on one condition."

"What's that, mister?"

"You must tell me that you don't believe all the things you said about General Fernandez of Mexico."

"I'll call him Santa Claus if that'll suit y' any better, mister."

"Under present circumstances that name strikes me as quite appropriate for him," murmured the dictator. "But come on now. It's going to be a really merry Christmas after all."

Garbage For the Dogs.  
Instead of throwing her kitchen refuse into a garbage receptacle the poor Constantinople housewife puts it into a sort of kennel outside her door for the wandering dogs of the city.

The foundations of justice are that no one shall suffer wrong; then that the public good shall be promoted.—Cicero

She Was Right.  
Teacher—Now, Dorothy, tell me how many bones the dog has? Dorothy—Two hundred and eight. Teacher—That's not right. There are only 207. Dorothy (with great dignity)—But I swallowed a fish bone this morning!—Indianapolis Star.

Elephant Skin.  
Elephant skin is beautiful and durable, but it is very hard to get. The price of a live elephant is large, and a leather manufacturer who promised to provide a number of elephant skin bags at short order would find himself facing a big problem. Almost all elephants, after they die, fall into the hands of the leather manufacturers, or else they are stuffed and put in museums.

Limited Experience.  
Misses (to new girl)—We entertain a good deal. Have you had much experience at parties? Girl—Only as a guest, mum.—New Haven Register.

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own.—Wayland.

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### I'd Rather Be Square.

I'd like to be rich, and I wonder who wouldn't. And yet if it cost me what some people pay, I'd like to be rich and find that I couldn't. There's too much worth while that is lost by the way.

To sacrifice friends and ideals to surrender—My heart and my conscience, my soul and my mind—And sell all my dreams for a dollar—marked splendor—Would leave me to pour for the riches I'd find.

I'd like to be rich, there is pleasure in money—It's good stuff to have, and it's good stuff to spend. It helps you to pay for your milk and your honey, And gives you a chance to be nice to a friend.

I'd like to be rich, but I'd never be willing To pay such a price as some men do for gold—The cost is too high and the pace is too killing, And too many things must be bartered and sold.

### Two Golden Days.

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry, two care-free days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these is Yesterday. Yesterday with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said on Yesterday. All that it holds of life, of regret and sorrow, is in the hand of the Mighty Love that can bring sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the weep of night.

Save for the beautiful memories that linger, sweet and tender like the perfume of roses, in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday.

And the other day I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promises and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister—Yesterday. Its sun will rise in rosy clouds, or beyond a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then the same love and patience that held yesterday, and holds tomorrow, shines with tender promise into the heart of today. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the infinite keeping of that Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday, the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the sky, deeper than the seas.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day.—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

### Building up Her Words.

A certain little Columbus school girl is learning things, both at school and on the street, as a recent happening demonstrates, says the Dispatch. The knowledge she picked up at school, the phrase regarding the cat she heard either from some older child or from some careless elder.

"Mother what does f-a-t spell?" she asked the other night, on coming home from school.

"Why, fat, my dear," replied the mother.

"And what does h-e-r spell?" came the second inquiry.

"Her," again vouchsafed the informant.

"Now I know I was right, and that old cat of a teacher tried to make me believe that those letters spelled father!" exclaimed the child with not a little indignation.

### Original Plot.

"The principal thing I don't like about these moving pictures shows," said the fat plumber, "is the similarity of plot. They all seem to begin the same and all have the same old ending."

"Well," the thin carpenter returned, "I suppose it is pretty hard to think up something original."

"I don't see why."

"Perhaps you could do the trick yourself."

"I think I could."

"Well, let's hear you tackle it."

"I'd have a waitress for the heroine."

"Nothing particularly novel in that."

"And a cook for the villainess."

"Why a cook?"

"That's where the plot comes in. You see the cook gets jealous of the waitress and puts fish bones in the hero's mashed potatoes."

### Joy for One at Least.

A minister meeting a parishioner of his who had been quite recently married and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were rife, saluted him and said:

"Well, John," says he, "and how is all going on?"

"Oh, happily enough," returns John. "I'm glad to hear it. You know there were rumors of rows or—"

"Rows," says John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows; whenever she sees me she catches the first thing to hand, a dish or anything, and fires it at me. If she hits me she's happy; if she doesn't, I am! Oh, we're getting on fine."—Tit-Bits.

### Didn't Watch His Step.

On New Year's morning a Kentucky colonel, who is a regular guest of a Louisville hotel, came down to breakfast with a bandaged hand.

"What's the matter with the hand?" asked several friends.

"Confound it all," exclaimed the colonel. "We had a party last night, and one of the younger men got intoxicated and trod on my hand, as he was walking across the room."—Argonaut.

### Contentment.

My home is on the mountain steep; I seine for rabbits in the deep, And as I pluck them from the boughs, I feed them to the angry crows, Then to my Eulalie I sing, And drink a slice of catfish pie.

### Interruptions.

Tell us from what sea isle Thetis, Where the billows moan—  
"I say, old fellow—" Thus your fate is "Your're wanted on the telephone."  
Let's see—little Thetis, tell us As you sport there in the spray—  
(Hello! What's that you want to tell us? Shoestrings? No; please go away.)

Do you spend your time a-playing With the Oceanides?  
(Pardon me—what's that you're saying? Doctor's office! Next door, please!)  
From the distant shores of Paeonia, Where the seal flocks still are met—  
(If those office boys don't spare us—All right. TAKE A CIGARETTE.)

Maybe in some deep sea palace, Where Triton blows his wreathed horn—  
(This next is written without malice—Why were book agents ever born?)  
Well, little daughter of the ocean, Let Neptune rule it o'er the storms,  
The foreman seems to have the notion That I'm holding back the forms.

### The Rural Church.

Is the rural church passing? Are the days of good, old fashioned religion a thing of the past? So it would seem from a reading of the report of President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural college to the Commission on Church and County Life. Butterfield declares that the rural church must become a community institution and through its preacher and lay members promote the causes of good roads, better farming, agricultural college extension courses, temperance, public health, community beautification and planning, promotion of co-operation among farmers for buying, selling and recreation centers. Such radical change from a house where God is supposed to be worshipped to one where purely secular matters are discussed is bound to cause a widespread opposition among the religious. Many students of religion claim that the decline of the country church began when pulpits were thrown open to politicians—when the local minister attempted to dictate political elections—when the church became a political forum. There is a sound basis for this claim. Men go to church to be told of God and spiritual matters. They want to pray, to put their house in order, to hesitate in the mad rush for the necessities and luxuries of life to think of the future life. When this is denied them, and in its place, a minister delivers a political talk, urging them to vote for this candidate or for that cause in the name of religion, the religious man rightfully resents the assumed leadership of the preacher and, as a result, stays at home to commune with his God. It is a fact that two-thirds of the rural churches have ceased to grow and that 83 per cent. have a membership of less than 100. To change the country church to a community house may result in much temporal benefit to the communities in which the house may be located, but what of the church? The anti-religious could find no better way to hasten the complete disruption of the church.

### Wedding Anniversary.

"Well, Dinah, what takes you out this evening?" said a young matron of Franklin avenue last evening as her black-faced helper came around the corner of the porch. The latter was very much dressed up in her new fall felt and old raincoat. Under her arm she hugged something in a big flour sack.

"Why, Ah's givine to a deception," said the right-hand-helper, beaming to a wedding deception. Want to see de fin'ry Ah's givine to bless de happy married lady with, chile?"

"Sure, let's see it."

After much unwrapping "Old Mammy" produced a big glass dish pressed in very fancy design.

"It's de wooden wedding' anniversary, but de ole girl done say she wanted glass pre'ent from de company, so Ah's ter'n her dis el'gance."

Admiring the gift the young stay-at-homes instructed Dinah to wish the wooden-wedded pair well, at least until they caught up with their glass wedding anniversary.

"Gawd bless yo' sweet lives, she ain't nevah seen the old good fo' nothin' niggard dat she united up at de altar wit' sense de el'evin' af'ah de parson committed de deed. Ah mus' be a shufflin' along."—Columbus Dispatch.

### A Prime Article.

He was gotten up regardless, as he walked into the private office of the leading woman suffragist. Bowing and placing his hand on his heart, he said, earnestly:

"Madam, I have come to ask from you the hand of your fair daughter. She tells me that she has the right to accept me without your consent, but we both feel that as a matter of courtesy to you, your blessing should be obtained."

"Have you your eugenic certificate?"

"Right here, madam. Think you will find it correct in every particular."

"And your financial rating?"

"These papers give a list of my holdings, together with my references from leading bankers."

"Ah, yes. And your pedigree?"

"Is in this chart. That red spot in the center, about half way along, is where Adam fell."

"Seems correct. Will you walk back and forth easily and naturally, for a few moments?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Ah! That will do. And now, young man, you wish to have my decision?"

"If you please."

"My daughter has made the mistake of her life. She can never marry you."

"But why, madam?"

"Well, if you must know, I've decided to take you myself."—Life.

### Very Growsome.

Col. E. M. House, discussing his peace mission in Europe, said:

"The French soldiers, by the way, are called pollos—whiskers, as we might say. In the trenches, you see, the gay French soldiers all grow beards. To see a slender lad of 23 or 24 with an enormous black beard covering his chest—well, it's like the story:

"Willie," said an etymology teacher, "give me a sentence with the word 'growsome' in it."

"The soldier," Willie answered, "stopped chawing and grew some whiskers."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Barney—Your wife is sick, Mike. Is it dangerous she is?

Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous now.—Jodge.

### Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

### All Sorts.

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?"

"Well, mum, that's for him to say. Oi done me best wid the materials at hand, mum."—London Tit-Bits.

Mistah Claude—What is dat you done gwine to cook, Miss Coopah?

Miss Coopah—Welsh rabbit, Mistah Claude.

Mistah Claude—So? Ah'll be 'bliged to you if yo' gib me de lef' hin' foot ob him.—Puck.

Kitty—The fortune teller said that the man I marry would be rich, handsome, intellectual and good.

Widow Wise—Ah! So she told you you would have four husbands, did she?

"What do you mean by slapping your little brother?"

"Well, pa just spanked me and now says I must always share everything I get with my brother."—Philadelphia Press.

"They say Briggs is a temperance crack of the extremest kind."

"I should say he is. He wouldn't even buy stocks because they frequently take a drop."—Boston Transcript.

New Office Boy—A lady called with a horsewhip a few minutes ago.

Editor—With a horsewhip? What did you say to her?

Boy, I told her I was sorry you weren't in, sir.

Some men wake up to find themselves famous; others stay up all night and become notorious.—Kansas City Star.

Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar.

Nephew—You don't eh! Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids she has selected.—Exchange.

"I have never owned any automobiles," said the man who hadn't yet paid for his home, "but I can say one thing in praise of them."

"What is that?" inquired Henderson.

"They have made mortgages respectable."—Judge.

Muggins—Does your wife practice economy?

Juggins—Well, rather. Why, my wife won't even buy a thermometer till it gets down to zero.—Philadelphia Record.

"Father's gout is much worse," said the fair lady. "He can scarcely raise his foot."

"Wouldn't this be a good time for me to ask him for your hand?" inquired the Faint Heart.—Philadelphia Record.

Native—That's Eph Haskins over there. Son of the man that put our town on the map.

Visitor—How did he do it?

Native—Made it a special point to go to New York to die, and the papers there had, right out plain under the death notice, "Bungtown papers please copy."—Puck.

A baby brother had just arrived and little Edna was greatly disappointed. That night she refused to say her prayers. When the nurse asked her why, Edna replied: "Oh, what's the use? I've been praying for a little sister for six months, and Bobbie, he only began asking for a little brother yesterday and he got his right off."—Boston Transcript.

"The Bible tells us we should love our neighbors," said the good deacon.

"Yes, but the Bible was written, before our neighbors lived so close," replied the more man.—Philadelphia Record.

### Odd Bits of News.

Madisonville, Ky.—"Uncle" Cy Carlisle has succeeded in raising a freak apple, although he has no name for it. Its upper half is a bright yellow in color, and the lower half a brilliant red.

Cape May Point, N. J.—Did she or didn't she? Mrs. Florence Lindsey, 49 declares she swallowed her husband's false teeth when she playfully put them in her mouth. X rays fail to disclose them in her stomach and she is suffering in pain. The teeth are missing—that's sure.

New York, N. Y.—Henry Troller a chauffeur, was arrested on a charge of forgery. In order to make good the amount he obtained, he went to a hospital and sold a pint of his blood for \$15. The blood saved the life of Miss Sarah Wilson.

New York, N. Y.—Anthrax is a common disease among animals. When Sophia Rosen, 17, desiring to imitate her wealthy sisters, purchased a cheap fur collar and wore it, she contracted the disease from the fur. She died a few days later, the third victim this season of the same disease acquired in the same way.

Harlem, Ill.—Twenty two years ago P. L. Johnson lost a gold ring, when he was farming in Ogle county. Recently he told William Barber of Leaf Ridge about the ring. Mr. Barber's daughter had found it and returned it to the owner.

Bellevue, Ia.—Two years ago a man was killed on a railroad. A friend believed the body to be that of Matt McAllister. The body was exhumed and wife, friends and relatives identified it, even to physical defects. The Court of Honor paid his widow \$1,000 insurance, and she bought a home. The other day Matt McAllister turned up well and hearty. He had been working on a ranch in Canada and knew nothing of the report of his death.

York, Pa.—People have avoided the old "haunted" house of S. B. Manifold. Many times during 15 years a mysterious buzzing of ghosts has been heard there. Recently workmen wrecked the house, and after they had battled with the ghostly bees, those who were unsteady returned to find 200 pounds of honey in the walls.

A man from the East visiting in a small western town stopped one morning through the one long street.

"Do you always have four horses to the house?" asked the man, turning to a native standing near.

"No, not always," was the reply.

"The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world and one night when he got too fresh Dead Eye Dave pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse."—Harper's Magazine.

When you make an appointment with a dentist," muttered J. Fuller, "if you are two minutes late you will find another victim in the chair, and you will have to make a new appointment. If you do get there on time you will find a left-over patient in the chair and you will have to wait anyhow."—Kansas City Star.

### Exception Proves Rule.

The professor was talking to his class, according to this story told at the Harvard club, about the importance of training the memory.

"It's quite an easy matter," he explained, beaming at the young men through his glasses. "All you have to do to fix a thing in your memory is to associate some pictured incident with it."

"It sounds simple, sir," said one student. "Will you give an example?"

"Certainly," said the learned man. "Suppose, for instance, you want to remember the name of the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, or, as Burns, well, you must picture in your mind a policeman in flames."

"Yes," said the same student again, with a twinkle in his eye; "but might not there be some confusion, sir, as to whether it was Bobbie Burns or Robert Browning?"

### Force of Association.

While the owner of the touring car dismounted during necessary repairs, the young front wheel timidly asked the old back wheel:

"Don't you get weary of the social whirl—revolving and revolving and revolving?"

"You'll get used to it," said the old wheel. "Our owner is a spinster, with nothing to do but go round, till some times I feel like a Daughter of the Revolution myself."—Judge.

In her book, "Thirteen years of a Busy Life," Mrs. Alice Tweedle tells this story on herself:

Before she started on a journey from New York to Mexico, she packed away her jewelry, including her rings and watch chain. Her maid was sitting opposite her in the train and suddenly she noticed they were missing.

"Oh," she exclaimed in a sudden panic, "where are your rings?"

"I put them away," Mrs. Tweedle replied, "I never travel off the beaten track wearing jewelry of any kind."

"Oh, dear, what a pity!" commented the maid. "They make you look such a lady!"

Despite the chilly spring day little Wilbur was out playing without his coat. This worried a neighbor, but her advice went unheeded. Finally, she said:

"Wilbur, go home and get your coat, and when you come back I'll give you a piece of cake."

The bride worked, and Wilbur soon returned with his coat on and was duly rewarded. Next day he knocked at the door to announce significantly:

"I ain't got my coat on today,"—Christian Register.

### The Torch of Civilization.

In the history of civilization first one nation arises and becomes the torch bearer and then another takes the torch as it becomes stronger, the stronger always pushing the weaker aside and becoming in its turn the torch. Each nation that has borne the torch of civilization has followed some path peculiarly its own. Egyptian, Syrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Frank, all had their ideal of power—order and progress directed under supreme authority, maintained by armed organization. We Anglo-Saxons bear the torch of civilization because we possess the principles of civil liberty, and we have the character, or should have the character, which our fathers have transmitted to us, with which to uphold it. If we have not, then be sure that with the certainty of a law of nature some nation—it may be one or it may be another—already knocking at our doors, will push us from the way and take the torch and bear it onward, and we shall go down.—Thomas Nelson Page.

### Classification of Stars.

In classifying stars astronomers recognize six degrees of magnitude, but the term relates to radiance or brilliancy rather than to size. Although the classification is somewhat arbitrary, yet each degree of magnitude is approximately two and a half times as brilliant as a star of the next magnitude below. Then, too, each magnitude is about three times more numerous than the one which precedes it. Beginning with the brightest, there are visible without a glass about twenty stars of the first magnitude, about sixty-five of the second magnitude, nearly 200 of the third magnitude, over 400 of the fourth magnitude, about 1,100 of the fifth and over 8,000 of the sixth. The total number of stars that can be seen by the unaided eye is about 6,000, but not all at one time. This takes no account of the millions, perhaps hundreds of millions, in regions of space that cannot be reached by the unaided eye.

### Hot Winds.

The sirocco blows hot from the highlands of north Africa and falls on the Mediterranean as far as Malta. The salano jumps like a windy fireball from the heat of the Sahara desert and lands flatfooted in Spain. The harmattan blows hot Sahara dust far into the Atlantic and gives nosebleeds and makes skin and lips parch and crack, while furniture and ship timbers groan and crack and scream in an agony of droughty despair. The khamsin blows Sahara's ancient dust into Egyptian eyes every fifty days. The patagonero periodically blows down into Buenos Aires out of the unexplored desert highlands of Brazil, and the blowing causes suicides and murders to be more common and wounds to break out afresh, with a heavy death rate. Pamperos pass away in a second, leaving the air fine.—Exchange.

### Painter and Pawnbroker.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A., knows his Paris as well as most, and also a good many more out of the way parts of the world besides—Russia, Spain, Algiers, Turkey and the rest—which he has visited in the pursuit of his art, more especially during his earlier days, when he was less affluent than today, in which latter connection he once had an amusing experience. During a financial crisis he sought to effect a loan of \$50 on the security of one of his own pictures. The pawnbroker offered \$250, to the artist's indignation. "Why, the frame alone is worth more than that," he protested, to be met with the crushing reply, "I know it is, and it is on the frame that I am lending the money."—Westminster Gazette.

### Australia's Military Boys.

Australian boys begin their military career at the age of twelve years, when they enter the ranks of the "junior cadets" and drill under the instruction of their schoolteachers. Their target practice is limited to shooting what is popularly known as the "twenty-two" rifle.

At the age of fourteen the schoolboy is graduated into the "senior cadets," and here his military training begins in dead earnest. He learns to care for his rifle, which the government furnishes to him. The state also gives him an olive drab military uniform. He learns the movements of squad and company formations and learns to deploy as skirmishers.

The Australian schoolboy becomes a soldier irrespective of his own wishes in the matter, or those of his parents. Truancy officers, such as in this country, watch the attendance at school in Australia, hark into court the parents of boys who are absent from their military drill, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for heavy fines to be levied on parents who are indifferent to their sons' military education.—American Boy.

### How Romans Took Their Food.

The Romans reclined at their banquets on couches, all supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with their fingers from dishes placed in the center of the table. Each was supplied with a napkin, and knives were used, though it does not appear that every one was supplied with one. Nothing, it would seem, could be more fatiguing than to partake of a repast in such an awkward posture or less conducive to neatness, it being almost impossible to keep the hands clean even with water supplied by the slaves or to prevent the food and wine from falling on the clothing and the draperies of the couch. This manner of eating disappeared during the dark ages so far as the couch was concerned, but the peculiarity of taking food with the fingers from a common dish continued afterward for more than 1,000 years.

### Bismarck's Card Trick.

The diplomat has many tricks up his sleeve. Bismarck included not only drinking, but card playing. It was when he was negotiating the treaty of Gastein with the Austrian Blome.

"I then played quize for the last time in my life. Although I had not played then for a long time, I gambled recklessly, so that the others were astounded. But I knew what I was at. Blome had heard that quize gave the best opportunity of testing a man's character, and he was anxious to try the experiment on me. I thought to myself, 'I'll teach him.' I lost a few hundred thalers, for which I might well have claimed reimbursement from the state. But I got around Blome in that way and made him do what I wanted. He took me to be reckless and yielded."—London Chronicle.

### Washing in the Philippines.

Most of the laundry work of the Philippine Islands is done by hand. The washing is usually done by heating the clothes with paddles, with the open hands or by rolling the garment slightly and striking one end of it upon a flat stone or other hard, smooth surface, handling it as a ball is swung over the shoulder. The usual method is to heat the clothes with paddles especially fashioned for the purpose. There is no such thing as boiling in the process of washing among the Filipinos. Much of the clothing worn in the country being white, a great deal of sun bleaching is done.

### "Maru" in Japan.

Maru is the Japanese word for mother. All Japanese regard their country of Japan as their mother, and instead of using the equivalent of the word fatherland they invariably say "Maru" (mother) when referring to the land of Japan. Their use of this word as part of the names of ships is to show their reverence for and to honor their mother, Japan, and at the same time to distinguish the ships as belonging to their motherland.

### Nothing Unusual.

"My goodness!" said Wiggles. "Rudyard Kipling's autograph brought \$17.50 at auction the other day."

"That's nothing," retorted Ralph Waldo Inkwell, author of "Sonnets to a Portuguese." "My autograph brought \$37.25 last week."

"Auction sale?" queried Wiggles.

"No," said Inkwell. "It was signed to a check in payment of my tailor's bill."—New York Times.

### Harder Still.

"Well, have you reached the point where you can assemble a motorcar?" asked Mr. Chugson.

"No, indeed," answered Mr. Johnson.

"In fact, I haven't yet reached the point where I can assemble the price."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Very Simple.

"My wife is going to that masquerade ball as a simple fisher maiden."

"Going to borrow a fisher's costume from some simple maiden?"

"Not on your life. Going to have one especially constructed for \$2,000."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Somebody Had to Sleep.

The doctor entered the patient's room in the morning and, according to habit, read the chart first thing. He was a little surprised to read:

"2 a. m.—Patient very restless; nurse sleeping quietly."—Collier's Weekly.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

### Obliging.

"Only give me time, your honor," begged the convicted prisoner.

"All right," replied the judge. "How will ten years suit?"—Baltimore American.

### Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

# Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. State all queries as briefly as possible, with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to  
Miss E. M. TILLEY,  
Newport Historical Rooms,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

### NOTES.

**ABSTRACTS FROM PROBATE RECORDS AND DEEDS.**—Old Newport Records;—manuscript by Dr. Henry E. Turner now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. continued.

**Cranton.** Thomas and Mary.—Deed to Lot Strange, house and lot, Mar. 23, 1749-50.  
**Clark.** Wm. Deed to Thos. Rodman, Mariner Nov. 12, 1750.

**Church.** Bond.—Will dated May 11, 1798; proved Oct. 1, 1798. Daughters Sarah, Patience, Bathsheba; Son Thomas Coggeshall Cranton.

**Cary.** James.—Will dated Feb. 1, 1799; proved Mar. 3, 1800. Wife Mary, Son James, daughter Abba.

**Coggeshall.** John, Mariner.—Administration to Mary Coggeshall, Dec. 1, 1800.

**Coggeshall.** Capt. Peter.—Administration to widow Martha, July 6, 1800.

**Cranton.** Esther, widow, adm'x to Esther Morris Oct. 21, 1799.

**Carey.** Elizabeth.—Will, dated Dec. 2, 1794; proved Dec. 7, 1795. (Vol. 2 p. 423.)

**Clarke.** Amey of Latham dec. Will to sister Bridget Treby, life estate, with succession to Abigail Taylor, wife of Robert, and Alice Carey.

**Clarke.** Joseph.—Will dated Oct. 3, 1776; proved Nov. 8, 1792. Wife Rebecca; daughters, Mary Lawton, Rebecca Redwood Clarke, and Mehitable Clarke.

**Clarke.** Joseph.—Will dated May 11, 1786; proved Feb. 28, 1787. (B. 2 F. 21) Sons James, Joseph and Spooner; daughters Rebecca and Mary.

**Carpenter.** Caleb.—Will dated Sept. 8, 1789; proved Nov. 2, 1789. Wife Ann and three daughters. Executors wife Ann and her brother Clarke Rodman.

**Carpenter.** James.—Will dated Mar. 19, 1783; proved May 3, 1790. Wife Avis, son James, daughters Avis, Martha, Frances.

**Coggeshall.** Backus.—Will proved May 2, 1803; wife Anna.

**Coggeshall.** Elisha.—Will proved Feb. 8, 1803. Sons Henry and John; Daughters Mary, Elizabeth, and Catherine, wife of Nich's Taylor; Joseph Dean, Charlotte Williams, Abr'm Dean, John Callender, Henry Callender, George W. Callender, children of dau. Martha Callender; daughter Abigail Thompson, wife of Samuel; daughter Henrietta Champlin, wife of Adam B., grandchildren Elisha Wells and Thompson Wells children of daughter Charlotte, wife of Palmer Wells.

### Queries.

**8391. RIVERA.**—Can anyone tell me what relation Jacob Rodriguez Rivera was to Abraham Rod. Rivera? When and where was Abraham born? He died July 7, 1765, at an old age. Jacob Rivera died Feb. 18, 1789, at the age of 72.—G. H.

**8392. GREEN.** TRIPP—Margaret Green of Rhode Island, born 1767 or thereabout, married James Tripp of Rhode Island, born about 1763. I do not know date of marriage. I would like their pedigree and I would also like to know if a line of Revolutionary service on either of above names could be ascertained.—W. V.

**8393. DIMON.**—I would like records of the Dimons of Marblehead, Mass., and vicinity before 1790. There were very few of them. Benjamin Dimon settled in North Kingstown, R. I., about 1750, and left descendants who were sailors. An exhaustive study of Connecticut and Long Island Dimons and Dimons show no connection. Will someone kindly account for Benjamin Dimons in northeastern Massachusetts born before 1780?—O. C.

**8394. TUPPER.**—Would like ancestry and date of death of Elizabeth Tupper (who married John Archer) born April 3, 1758, in Stafford, Conn., or Cornwallis, R. I., (which?) John and Elizabeth (Tupper) Archer had twenty-one children, one of whom was named Elakia and married Jane Barefield. Elizabeth had a brother Anselm Tupper.—F. M.

**8395. WATSON.**—In 1826 Jeffrey Watson lived at Hyde Park, Vt. Who were his parents? Was he of the Rhode Island Watson family?—V. M.

**8396. BARKER.**—I am trying to find ancestry of Mary—wife of Edward Barker of Branford, Conn. She died Dec. 2, 1728 age forty-nine. Edward Barker mentions in his will, dated Nov. 10, 1727, property left to his wife Mary by her father in the town of New Bristol, Mass., now Bristol, R. I. Can anyone help me out by giving Mary's ancestry? Edward Barker must have married Mary about 1701 as their first child was born Jan. 2, 1702. They had children as follows: Eunice, Ebenezer, Edward, John, Mary.—R. M.

**8397. PIERCE.**—Can anyone, a descendant, or one familiar with Pierce, Pearce or Peice history, tell me whom Clothier Pierce of Rhode Island was descended from? He was married Dec. 25, 1746, to Mary Hill, by Rev. Gardiner Thurston.—G. K.

**8398. FREEBORN.**—Susanne (Paddock) Gardner, widow of Matthew and daughter of Daniel and Susanne (Gorham) Paddock, fifth from John Howland, and born January 1784, married George Freeborn of Rhode Island. Were there children by this marriage?—O. S.

**8399. GARDINER.**—According to Austin, Ann, daughter of Christopher and Elizabeth (Denison) Champlin, born Mar. 23, 1714, married—Gardiner of Westerly, R. I.; wanted the names of their children and grandchildren. Was one of these the Christopher Gardiner of Stonington who married Jan. 25, 1760, Mercy Wheeler, born Jan. 22, 1742, fifth from John Howland, whose children are desired, other than Mercy who married Hosea Wheeler, Jr. George Gardiner of Portsmouth, R. I., died 1877, married Lydia Ballou and had: Samuel, Joseph, Lydia, Mary, Peregrine, Robert and Jeremiah. Is there any special significance in the name Peregrine.—O. S.

**8400. BATES.**—Who were the ancestors of Daniel Bates, a drummer in the Revolution? He was a merchant and owned several ships at Providence, R. I. On June 1, 1788, he married Elizabeth Hines, daughter of George Hines of North Kingstown, R. I. He was the son of Jonathan Bates and died Dec. 1, 1795, on his way from Copenhagen.

A certain Captain Bates was with P. T. Barnum many years ago, being a man of unusual stature. Who knows his ancestry or can give details as to his physical development? Joseph Bates of Westford, Mass., was a lieutenant in the Revolution. What was his ancestry and when was he born?—B. N.

**8401. WOOD.**—Wanted, maiden name of Rebecca —, wife of Thomas (2) Wood of Portsmouth, R. I.—O. C.

**8402. THURBER.**—Thomas (2) Thurber married Ruth Burzigt, Feb. 23, 1677, at Swansea, Mass. Was she the daughter of Peter Buscot of Westerly, R. I.? Some of his grandchildren married Swansea people. I desire records of children of Thomas (2) and John (3) Thurber.

**8403.—TUCKER. HALL. HULL.**—Simon Tucker, born 1715, married at Westerly, R. I., May 1, 1737, Sarah Hall or Hull. Parents of each desired.—O. C.

**8404. TUCKER. CROSS.**—Joshua Tucker, born Sept. 4, 1750, son of above, married Dorcas Cross, of Samuel and Ann (Clarke) Cross of Charlestown, R. I. I desire date of marriage of Dorcas and ancestry of Samuel Cross.—O. C.

**8405.—TUCKER. PERRY.**—Joshua Tucker of above, married June 3, 1825, Hannah Perry, both of South Kingstown, R. I. She was born 1793, and a relative of Oliver Hazard Perry, but we have forgotten her parents names. Her ancestry desired. She had a brother Samuel and sisters Mary and Martha.—O. C.

**8406. FRANKLIN. SMITH.**—Betsey Smith born 1782, married Reuben or Shubael Franklin, probably of Pawtucket. Record of their children desired.—O. C.

### ANSWER.

**8387. FOWLER.**—In the year 1759 Patience York made her will.—"I give to Simon Fowler, son of my sister Mary Peckham, five yards of striped flannel." Mary Peckham was formerly Mary York and was the second wife of Isaac Peckham b. Newport, R. I., 1713, a freeman of Westerly, R. I., 1737. He was thrice married and had fourteen children by his first and second wives. The legacy would indicate that at his death Simon Fowler was of swaddling age. I assume he was born between 1764 & '68 as there is an open space in the order of the births of Isaac's children. He is the only one that has a middle name. No further record. Probably deceased in early childhood.—B. J. P.

### NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the National Exchange Bank will be held Tuesday, January 11, 1916, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business that may lawfully come before the meeting.  
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.

## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport, September 1st, A. D. 1915. BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 638 issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1915, and returnable to the said Court October 8th A. D. 1915, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the twenty-fifth day of June A. D. 1915, in favor of Peter D. Humphrey, of the Town of Westerly, in the State of Rhode Island plaintiff, and against Michael J. Kirby, alias John Doe of the City of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock a. m. levied on all the right title and interest, which the said defendant Michael J. Kirby, alias had on the 15th day of February A. D. 1915, at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, Southwesterly by Garfield Street about 30 feet, Westerly by lands now or formerly of John Kirby about 100 feet, Northerly by lands formerly of Joseph P. Cotton, deceased about 30 feet and Easterly by lands now or formerly of George Fisher Vargas about 100 feet, be all of the said measurements more or less or bowever, otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1915, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, cost of sale, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if any.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 4th, 1915.

I hereby adjourn the above advertised sale to SATURDAY, December 11th, A. D. 1915, at the same time and place above mentioned.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 11th, 1915.

I hereby adjourn the above advertised sale to SATURDAY, Dec. 18th, A. D. 1915, at the same time and place above mentioned.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

## DRAPERIES, CURTAINS, PORTIERES

Full to running over with exceptionally beautiful things for home use and home decoration, this store offers unusual opportunities for the selection of gifts at very moderate prices that can not fail to carry with them into any home a wealth of happiness.

Mahogany Finished Bookends	\$1.50
Solid Mahogany Book Racks	\$3.00
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Rush Seat Slipper Chairs	\$5.50
Solid Mahogany Serving Trays	\$4.50
Library Tables	From \$7.50
Tall Hall Clocks	From \$11.00
Solid Mahogany Sewing Tables	\$12.75
Solid Mahogany Tea Tables, with glass tray top	\$12.60

And hundreds of other equally desirable gift thoughts at equally moderate prices.

## Xmas Hints From The Titus Shop

## WHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS?

Dread to meet the question—don't you? Been thinking it over for some time—simply can't make up your mind as to what gifts to give. Why not an Account at the Savings Bank of Newport? What can you better afford—what will be more acceptable than a Bank Book?

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Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I.

December 1, 1915.

Estate of Martha R. Chase. GEORGE R. CHASE has this day died in this Office his petition in writing to the Probate Court of said Middletown, praying that a certain instrument in writing therewith filed, bearing date May 1, 1898, purporting to be the last will and testament of Martha R. Chase, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, may be proved and allowed, and letters testamentary issued to him, as the executor of said will, and said petitioner has applied to me to give him notice of the filing and pendency of his said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested therein, that said petition will be considered and acted upon at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of December instant, A. D. 1915, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

There are two kinds of people, those who do things without making a fuss and those who make a fuss without doing things.—Washington Star.

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STORER F. CRAFTS, Gen. Mgr.

## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport, R. I., September 15th, 1915. BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 631, issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1915, and returnable to the said Court October 1st, A. D. 1915, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1915, in favor of National Fertilizer Company, a Connecticut Corporation, with a place of business, in the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, against Michael J. Kirby, alias John Doe, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock a. m. levied on all the right title and interest, which the said defendant, Michael J. Kirby, alias had on the 27th day of March, A. D. 1915, at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock a. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, Southwesterly by Garfield Street about 30 feet, Westerly by lands now or formerly of John Kirby about 100 feet, Northerly by lands formerly of Joseph P. Cotton, deceased about 30 feet and Easterly by lands now or formerly of George Fisher Vargas about 100 feet, be all of the said measurements more or less or bowever, otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1915, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, cost of sale, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if any.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

11-2-15

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What He Has.

Comes the report that a Middletown man has 28 children; but based on the present high cost of living it is pretty safe to assume that he hasn't anything else.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Very Thin Gentleman (calling)—Your canary just pecked me cruelly, Genevieve. She—Perhaps he took you for a seed.—Minneapolis.

Motorist—Are you a religious man? Chauffeur—Yes, sir. Motorist—Familiar with the Bible? Chauffeur—Well, rather, I'll bet I've kissed it 50 times in court.—Puck.